HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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GEORGE JONES, OF THE "NEW YORK TIMES."—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY ARTHUR J. GOODMAN.—[SEE PAGE 142.]

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THE RULES.

THERE ought to be no serious dispute about proper rules of procedure in Congress, because, however strong party spirit may be, every member is aware that such rules should secure the right of the majority to act, after full and fair debate. The rules certainly ought not to enable the minority, after full and fair debate, to prevent the majority from acting. But it must never be forgotten that a majority, like a king, tends to tyranny, and that the rules should equally secure the rights of minorities. Majorities can take care of themselves, while bills of rights and constitutions are designed to take care of minorities by restraining and regulating the power of majorities. Twenty years ago LABOULAYE said that France was not ready for a republic, because Frenchmen could not comprehend that a constitution is as necessary to restrain a majority as a king. The majority in Congress is often tyrannical and unreasonable, as was plainly shown in the *ante bellum* days; and when the minority is convinced that the intentions of a party majority threaten the public welfare, it may justly and properly insist that the majority shall appear and affirmatively take the responsibility of its action. It would be a very serious blow at the right of the minority and at liberty if, in the absence of the necessary majority to pass a bill, the minority could be forced, despite its refusal to vote, to be made accessory to legislation which it had opposed to the utmost as injurious to the public welfare. Senator HAWLEY, when a member of the House, stated the point crisply and conclusively: "If the majority desire to have a bill passed in opposition to our wishes, then let the majority come here and pass it over our heads."

The reason of this view, which is sustained by almost uninterrupted precedent, has not been more cogently stated than by Speaker REED when he was on the floor of the House. Ten years ago, in a warm debate upon the subject, Mr. REED said, "It is a valuable privilege for the country that the minority shall have the right by this extraordinary mode of proceeding to call the attention of the country to measures which a party in a moment of madness and of party feeling is endeavoring to enforce upon the citizens of this land." When the country has elected a majority of Representatives favorable to certain public principles and measures, that majority must undoubtedly prevail. But it must prevail by its votes. If the votes of a majority are not recorded, there is no evidence of its will. From the beginning of the government the provision of the Constitution that a majority of each House shall constitute a quorum to do business has been uniformly held to mean that a majority of members duly elected shall be present and actually take part in the transaction of business, and that a vote is a nullity if it appears that less than a Constitutional quorum has voted.

This is the uniform interpretation of a hundred years, based upon reason and experience. It requires that laws shall have the affirmative sanction of a majority of the law-makers, except in such cases as are too unimportant to demand official recognition of the fact that there is not a quorum voting. It is not a denial of the right of the majority, but a protection of the right of a minority. It enables the minority to delay legislation which it thinks dangerous to the public welfare until the majority, which is responsible, appears and assumes the responsibility. The rule now proposed, in accordance with the late rulings of the Speaker, but opposed to his views and to those of many of the most eminent of his party associates frequently and most conclusively declared in the House, is a grave injustice to the minority. No reason is alleged for this sudden reversal of the approved methods of a century. No argument has even touched the arguments of Mr. REED, of Speaker BLAINE, and of General HAWLEY against the proposed change. It would be a wanton and arbitrary exercise of the power of the party majority, which rules of procedure are intended to restrain, if the rule should be adopted. There is no measure which the party majority in the House approves which it cannot adopt if it chooses to appear. Rules which it may adopt to prevent a wholly unreasonable obstruction of the action of a majority, present and ready to act after fair and full debate, will be sustained, we believe, by the intelligent opinion of the country. But this is not such a rule. It is a blow at the just rights of the minority, which the majority, in the interest of honest government, ought to protect and secure.

IMPERIALISM AND SOCIALISM.

THE late "rescripts" of the Emperor of Germany are as significant as they are extraordinary. He proposes a conference of England, France, Belgium, and Switzerland, and possibly other powers, to agree upon some scheme of securing regular and remunerative employment to working-men, limiting the hours of labor, and adjusting the rate of wages. This is an imperial revival of LOUIS BLANC's plan of national workshops in France forty years ago—a plan which was then felt to be Quixotic, and which ended in disaster. The question of state socialism has made great progress since that time, however, and Germany has gone farther than most states in its practical recognition. But the present imperial step is very much longer than the most democratic state has contemplated. The Emperor declares it to be the duty of the state to regulate labor so as to insure the health, morality, and economic wants of working-men.

That is a plain declaration of the duty of a state to support its citizens. Working-men is an arbitrary term, which in this case must be construed to mean the great mass of the German people, because the multitude everywhere earns its livelihood by working for wages. It is not surprising that this announcement of the Emperor is interpreted in various ways. It is supposed on one side to be a serious proposition; on another, to be an ingenious device to expose the utter futility of any such scheme; on another, to be "a good enough MORGAN till after election." The accounts from England imply great doubt whether Great Britain would enter into such a conference, if it should take form; and from all quarters there is an expression of profound surprise. Viewed as a sign of sympathy with the poorer and less fortunate in every community, it is characteristic of a time in which the words human fraternity are coming to have a meaning which they never had before. But as a practical public measure it can hardly be seriously considered. Mr. BRADLAUGH, the British radical, is reported as saying, amid the hearty cheers of working-men, that to give the government power to reduce the hours of labor involves the power to increase them. It is, indeed, a power to supersede all other labor arrangements, and to paralyze the present industrial basis of society. English artisans now work fewer hours, get higher wages, and live more comfortably than artisans on the Continent, yet more than hold their own in the markets of the world, says one correspondent, how then can the Continent improve the situation by diminishing the hours of labor and raising wages and the standards of living?

This is a simple statement of one of the myriad difficulties in a peremptory disturbance of a system which has been slowly developed and improved through the lapse of centuries. It is not surprising that an Emperor accustomed to see certain results accomplished by imperial orders should suppose that imperial orders can accomplish all results. The great forces which influence progress, as General WALKER recently pointed out, the law that in agony men shall be born into the world, and in the sweat of their brows shall eat their bread, that except for care and struggle and pains the race would never have emerged from barbarism, are not arguments or reasons for withholding one word of cheer or a single effort to strengthen the weak and succor the unfortunate. But they remind us sternly that there is no imperial or royal road to equalize ability and incapacity. If Congress should order a dollar a day to be paid to every man, woman, and child in the country, the dollars would soon be exhausted.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

WHEN the term of Mr. PEARSON, the late Postmaster of New York, who was politically a Republican, expired in April, 1885, the Democratic President CLEVELAND, despite the strong protest of Democrats who insisted that the office was the fair spoils of the successful party, reappointed him, and Mr. PEARSON served with entire efficiency and satisfaction and complete disregard of politics and politicians until the Republican President HARRISON turned him out at the end of his second term. Mr. SALTONSTALL, who is politically a Democrat, the late Collector in Boston, has been a perfectly efficient, upright, and satisfactory officer. Of forty-seven removals in his force during his term two-thirds were made under instruction from Washington in order to keep the force within the limit of the appropriation. The office has been administered without regard to politics, and strictly upon the reformed system, which the Republican platform declared ought to be extended, while the Republican President said that only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office.

Mr. SALTONSTALL's term expires in May, but in defiance of the party platform and of his own pledges, and in deference to the urgency of Senators HOAR, DAWES, and other politicians, the President has removed him. Mr. HOAR, who sharply censured President CLEVELAND for such performances, naturally hastens to say that the removal has nothing to do with a just view of reform, which is certainly true, and that the office is political. It is political, however, solely because it has been treated as the Senator and the President now treat it, as spoils. A Massachusetts Secretary of the Treasury once said that by a party change of administration the people meant to change the messenger at his door. He held a messenger to be a political officer. The implication that Collector SALTONSTALL, or any other honorable officer, would have allowed his views of a tariff to influence the discharge of his duty under the law is simply absurd.

President HARRISON asked his Secretary of the Treasury to try to obtain Mr. SALTONSTALL's resignation. Mr. SALTONSTALL replied with perfect courtesy that, placing entire confidence in the declaration of the President concerning tenure of office, he was prepared to serve out his term unless removed by the President for such cause as he had announced to be controlling in such cases, and the Collector respectfully asked to be informed if such cause existed. He enclosed a copy of the letter to the President, and the President forthwith removed him. President HARRISON came in upon the strongest declaration of reform in the civil service that any party ever made. He said that he should promote reform, and hoped to extend it. There were not in the whole service three more conspicuous illustrations of upright, non-partisan, capable, and efficient public officers than Postmaster PEARSON, Collector SALTONSTALL, and Naval Officer BURT. They were precisely the kind of officers that civil service reform seeks, and that furnish its conclusive justification. Mr. PEARSON the President declined to reappoint; Mr. SALTONSTALL and Mr. BURT he dismissed before the expiration of their terms. Republican reformers used to smile at "Democratic reform." Perhaps they take pleasure in Republican reform. But they greatly deceive themselves if they think that honest reformers are deceived.

FOULING THE WORLD'S FAIR.

MR. PLATT's disinterested labors to keep politics out of the World's Fair received a rude shock from the report submitted to the General Committee, and unanimously and enthusiastically adopted by it, which insisted that the bill should not be changed by adding the names suggested by Mr. PLATT, whose heart yearns for a Fair, but for a Fair without politics. The bill as drawn, he says in effect, positively reeks with politics. Under the specious form of a patriotic World's Fair to prove our profound and grateful reverence for CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, the bill really provides, he has discovered, for an enormous vote for the Tammany candidate for the Presidency in 1892. "Now that," says Mr. PLATT in effect, "is deeply painful to me. I cannot be expected to tolerate it. I really must take politics out of it by ordering my Legislature to create an indisputable working Republican Commission. Then politics will disappear. There will be universal harmony. The Democratic city authorities and the Democratic members of Congress and the entire Democratic party will be sure to shout with joy when politics are

taken out of the enterprise by making it a World's International Fair of the Republican party. The great work for which I am ardently anxious will then be a Fair for Republican revenue, with the incidental election of a Republican President."

This is a view which would undoubtedly have caused the late Mr. Squeers to exclaim, "Here's richness!" But it has its serious side also. Not many months ago, just after the election of Mr. HARRISON, the *bien aimé* of happy Republicanism, the comic papers presented us weekly with exhilarating pictures of the "Big Four," representing the non-partisan Mr. PLATT and Mr. WARNER MILLER and Mr. DEPEW and Mr. HISCOCK, dancing merry dances—gavottes, perhaps, and boleros and joyous hornpipes and other saltatory exercises expressive of harmonious happiness. Then the beautiful vision of a World's Fair arose above the horizon of 1892 like the summer morn. The cup seemed almost too full. The bill which was to secure the prize was made ready, and the suave Democratic leader in the Republican Assembly moved its immediate passage, when one of the Four suddenly called a halt. The summons recalled the direction in old plays, "Alarum: enter an army." Wild confusion ensued. At last, in the meeting of the General Committee, Mr. WARNER MILLER said that he would not serve upon the Fair Commission if it should be made political. Mr. MILLER and Mr. DEPEW both voted for the adoption of the report which scouted and flouted the non-partisan Mr. PLATT; and simultaneously Mr. HISCOCK telegraphed from Washington substantially, "The PLATT bill, or no Fair."

In such woful disaster that hilarious dancing ends! As the grieving pen writes these lines there really seems to be danger that we shall be laughed at. We are on the perilous edge of being ridiculous. The enthusiasm of last summer, the great assembly of distinguished citizens at the City Hall, the appointment of eminent committees, the daily jeers at Chicago, the munificent subscriptions, the solemn hearing in Washington, the proud assumption that Paris and the Eiffel Tower were to be easily outdone—all these ending in the apparent demonstration that we cannot manage a worthy commemoration of the discovery of the continent and the marvellous development and progress of America because of party intrigue and jealousy! If, as is now plainly alleged, Chicago has never wanted the Fair, and has been playing merely a game of bluff, and New York has ruined it in advance by trying to impose upon it a party character, we cannot complain, however we may chafe, if a ripple of inextinguishable laughter runs around the globe.

McCARTHY'S "FOUR GEORGES."

THE second volume of JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S *History of the Four Georges* has just been issued by the HARPERS. It is a very entertaining popular summary of the chief events of the reign of GEORGE the Second, with vivid sketches of its famous persons. The chief figure is of course Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, and it is interesting to observe that, with less apparent sympathy with him than Mr. MORLEY shows in his recent work, Mr. MCCARTHY makes the same general estimate of the statesman, reckoning him, with his great ability and invaluable service to England, only just short of a great man.

Mr. MORLEY justly holds WALPOLE to have been a true patriot, and is not content to explain his conduct, even when he condemns it, as the result of mere love of office. It is curious, however, that while WALPOLE'S control for twenty years is generally conceded to have established securely the results of the revolution of 1688 and the Hanoverian succession, Mr. MCCARTHY is of opinion that the rising of Prince CHARLIE in the year after WALPOLE'S death would probably have succeeded, for the time at least, had he only pushed on to London. GEORGE the Second was ready to go, and would have gone without the regret of England. MORLEY also states that WALPOLE apprehended that the Pretender might perhaps have returned if he would have favored the English Church and have abjured vindictive retaliation.

Mr. MCCARTHY has the art of interesting narration and skilful avoidance. His task is to make a picture of the times by a selection of its characteristic points and characters, and he has performed it with the same success as in his *History of Our Own Times*. When he has completed his sketches of the Third and Fourth GEORGES he will have finished a compact and popular history of England under Hanoverian rule, written with democratic sympathies and with the kindliest feeling. The story will have been told with accurate knowledge and in a most entertaining manner.

AN ANNUAL PROD.

THE Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, which furnishes reading to the sick and suffering, makes its sixteenth annual appeal. The appeal is not a sign of declining public interest in the work, for the distributions of the society during the year were, we believe, larger than ever before. If the impatient reader should therefore inquire: "Why, then, prod us again? If the thing is doing so well, why not let it do well, and spare us one, at least, of the incessant appeals?" the answer is very simple. The impatient reader fills his life with such constant well-doing that if he is not specifically prodded, any one of the opportunities which it is his wish to improve is sure to drop from his memory.

This is the precise case with this noiseless and admirable charity, which asks of all patient and impatient friends but two simple things: one is to drop magazines and weekly, illustrated, and daily papers in the boxes conveniently provided at the railway and ferry stations and elsewhere, and to send other reading matter to 20 University Place; and the other is to send little sums of money to the treasurer, Mrs. FORDHAM MORRIS, 20 Fifth Avenue, for the necessary expenses of the good work.

Nothing could be simpler or more practicable. This busy and pleasure-diffusing society offers everybody the happiness of eating his cake and having it. It invites us all to do good at no cost to ourselves—a most unworthy motive, indeed, and one which is not consciously proffered by the Society. But it is none the less true that we are asked to make over the paper or magazine from which we have already taken our two cents' or ten cents' or twenty-five cents' worth of enjoyment, and so balanced our books, to others, who will derive from it similar if not greater pleasure. There is no annual prodding which a newspaper can perform with greater satisfaction than that which spurs the fruitful recollection of this excellent charity.

THE NEW MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

IN securing the nomination of Mr. BLAINE at Chicago in 1884, no three friends of his were more efficient than Mr. WHITELAW REID, Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, and Mr. CHARLES EMORY SMITH. It is not surprising, therefore, that these gentlemen have all been called to distinguished posts under the present administration. Mr. REID'S appointment to the French mission and Mr. PHELPS'S to Germany is now followed by that of Mr. SMITH to Russia. Like Mr. REID, he is a journalist of ability, distinction, and long experience. If his party zeal seems sometimes to make him unjust to his own true and generous impulses, it is plain that it cannot extinguish them, and that his heart and judgment support most willingly the best aims and professions of his party. Personally a cultivated, courteous, honorable, and genial man, he is admirably qualified to represent America. But his withdrawal from his present chair will be a serious loss to the Republican party. Perhaps, however, in the next campaign his opponents may find that it is but *reculer pour mieux sauter*.

COMIC OPERA ROYALTY.

THE small excitement which was produced by the opera bouffe performance of the young Duke of Orleans in Paris is significant of the firmer foundation of the French Republic. There is always, of course, a doubt what effect such an incident may have upon so volatile a multitude as the inhabitants of Paris, but it is pretty evident that the danger of a serious royalist rising in France is very greatly diminished. The law prohibiting the return of certain persons to the country has been enforced in this instance by a trial and sentence of two years' imprisonment.

The old romantic legitimate sentiment which was represented by the Count of Chambord could not be transferred to the Count of Paris. He might be acknowledged perfunctorily as the heir of the monarchy, but not with any rapture of royalty; while the Orleanist régime itself could make an effective appeal only by demonstrating its greater practical expediency for the country—a task which it would hardly undertake. It is much more than a generation since LOUIS PHILIPPE suddenly left the Tuileries, and it cannot be said, with all the good sense in many ways of the Citizen King, that he left any family prestige behind him. He was himself a compromise between the monarchy and the republic, and the republic has outgrown the necessity of such further compromise.

The young man of the present movement would offer France either the monarchy of CHARLES Tenth or of LOUIS PHILIPPE. But the former is impossible, and the latter is unnecessary. His only reliance, therefore, would be a possible restless dissatisfaction in the country with the existing order, which would accept his leadership not from preference of a monarchy, but from a desire of change. To control successfully such a movement under such circumstances would have baffled NAPOLEON himself. LOUIS PHILIPPE would never have tried it. What qualities for the enterprise his great-grandson may have, he will hardly have an opportunity to demonstrate.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

IN a recent article upon Dom PEDRO'S patriotism we credited inadvertently the report of his remarks to the Associated Press, instead of the Press News Association, to whose enterprise and energy the interesting interview with the ex-Emperor was due.

SAVING THE FORESTS.

THE Governor's suggestion of an Adirondack Park has been followed by the revival of the State Forestry Association, under the presidency of Mr. MORRIS K. JESSUP, and the association with him as officers of many conspicuous citizens. The sanitary aspect of the subject, also, has been presented by a committee of physicians. The elevation of the Adirondack forest, its equable temperature, and the hygienic qualities of its evergreen timber make it an incomparable health resort, especially valuable in incipient stages of consumption.

The destruction of lumber for charcoal by the iron interest is a very serious blow at the forests, and the great benefits of the region will be lost if there is general public indifference. The committee of physicians propose that the whole region be acquired as a park, either by an immediate appropriation or by annual grants, and that the destructive extension of railroads into the forests be prohibited. Judicious planting and cutting will make the timber supply of great advantage to the State, and Mr. CLINTON L. MERIAM, who is thoroughly familiar with the subject, says that many of the lumber owners now admit that the destruction of young trees is greatly injurious to their own interests.

At the present time the Adirondack forests are threatened by four railroads—one from each point of the compass. The danger from them to the whole community in the destruction of the woods is greater than the advantage to be gained by any number of private companies. New York has proved by the Niagara reservation that if properly aroused it has quite public spirit enough for such great enterprises. In that case, however, there was a system of organized and persistent appeal and diffusion of information and wise assiduity in pressing legislation. The movement also had the invaluable assistance of two or three members of the Legislature who were personally deeply interested in its success. All these the association means to provide. The Adirondacks should not want personal friends in the New York Legislature, supported, as they would be, by the most intelligent sentiment of the State.

PERSONAL.

MAJOR SERPA PINTO, whose impetuous and unauthorized methods of territorial aggrandizement in Africa gave England a plausible excuse for bullying Portugal, has always been more or less of a source of anxiety to his country. He is forty-four years old, and entered the army while still a youth. Having distinguished himself in war and exploration—his principal feat being his journey across Africa, from Benguela on the west coast to Durban on the east—he was welcomed back to Portugal with marked distinction, and received honors from many of the governments and learned societies of Europe. His restless and roaming disposition would not permit him to remain at home, however, although he had been elected to the Chamber of Deputies, so he was appointed Consul-General at Zanzibar, where he soon became embroiled with the English and German authorities, and finally declared unwarranted war against the Sultan. Then he was given a roving commission to develop and extend the Portuguese settlements on the Zambesi, an expansion of power which succeeding events have apparently proved to have been unwise. Now the Major is in apparent disgrace with his home government, although his rashness has endeared him to the radical hot heads, by whom he is already hailed as the "first President of the Portuguese Republic." SERPA PINTO is small in stature, but lithe and muscular. He wears his hair and beard long, his dress is foppish, and he has the yellow complexion of a tropical explorer. He is a thorough man of the world, and an eloquent speaker.

—Reminiscences of GEORGE P. MORRIS and N. P. WILLIS are always interesting, and no one is better fitted to write entertainingly of them than MORRIS PHILLIPS, the present editor of the *Home Journal*. In recently changing the form of his paper from four to eight pages, Mr. PHILLIPS publishes an illustrated article devoted to these well-known poets and *littérateurs*, who founded the paper forty-five years ago. Mr. PHILLIPS'S acquaintance with them began in 1854, when he entered the service of the *Home Journal*, and he learned their characteristics as he met them at work or in their homes. He has life-size portraits of both men, that of MORRIS being a pastel by JULIUS GOLLMAN, a famous German artist, while WILLIS'S was painted by ELLIOTT, the famous American portrait-painter.

—For some years before her death Mrs. PRUDENCE CRANDALL PHILLEO received an annuity of $400, voted her by the Connecticut Legislature in recompense for the injury done her years ago by the same body in breaking up her school for colored girls.

—A graceful and well-deserved tribute has been paid Mrs. MARGARET E. SANGSTER by the Freshman class at Wells College in electing her an honorary member. Mrs. SANGSTER'S popularity among the youth of both sexes is proverbial. Besides those who know her only by reputation she has many warm personal friends, not the least among these being the young ladies of the large and flourishing Bible class which meets her every Sunday afternoon in Brooklyn.

—Ex-President CLEVELAND has taken a pew in the Central Presbyterian Church in this city, and his wife has transferred her membership to it from a Washington church. Their pastor is Rev. WILTON MERLE SMITH, who was graduated from Princeton in 1877, and is now about thirty-four years old. Rev. Mr. SMITH distinguished himself as a base-ball pitcher in college, and has not considered it beneath his dignity to engage in out-door sports since entering the ministry.

—HENRIK IBSEN, the Norwegian dramatist and poet, has been happily married for over thirty years, but has only one child, a son, who was formerly connected with the Swedish legation at Washington. Mrs. IBSEN is the step-daughter of MAGDALENA THORESON, the Norwegian poetess. The poet left his native land in 1864, and has since lived in Rome and other Italian cities.

—Evidence accumulates that MARY ANDERSON is engaged to ANTONIO DE NAVARRO, the son of JOSÉ F. DE NAVARRO, of this city, and the fair actress is said to have written WILLIAM BLACK, the novelist, a letter announcing the fact. Meanwhile her friends in this country are not so zealously denying the report as they were.

—Captain WILLIAM JOHN LOGAN, who died in Brooklyn on the 10th inst., aged sixty-eight years, was widely known as the captain of many famous clipper ships during the California gold fever. At nineteen years of age he commanded his first ship, and subsequently the *Laurence*, *Napier*, *Winged Racer*, and *Red Rover*. Captain LOGAN was always accompanied on his voyages by his wife, who still survives him.

—Notwithstanding his seventy years, General SHERMAN is one of the best-known club and society men in New York. Evening dinners and receptions furnish him his recreation, for during the day he is kept busy by an enormous correspondence and by numerous callers. He never grudges the demands upon his time made by old soldiers, many of whom write to him or call upon him for advice.

—The death of Cardinal PECCI, the brother of the Pope, has taken from the latter a valued adviser. He was raised to the cardinalate in 1879 by his brother.

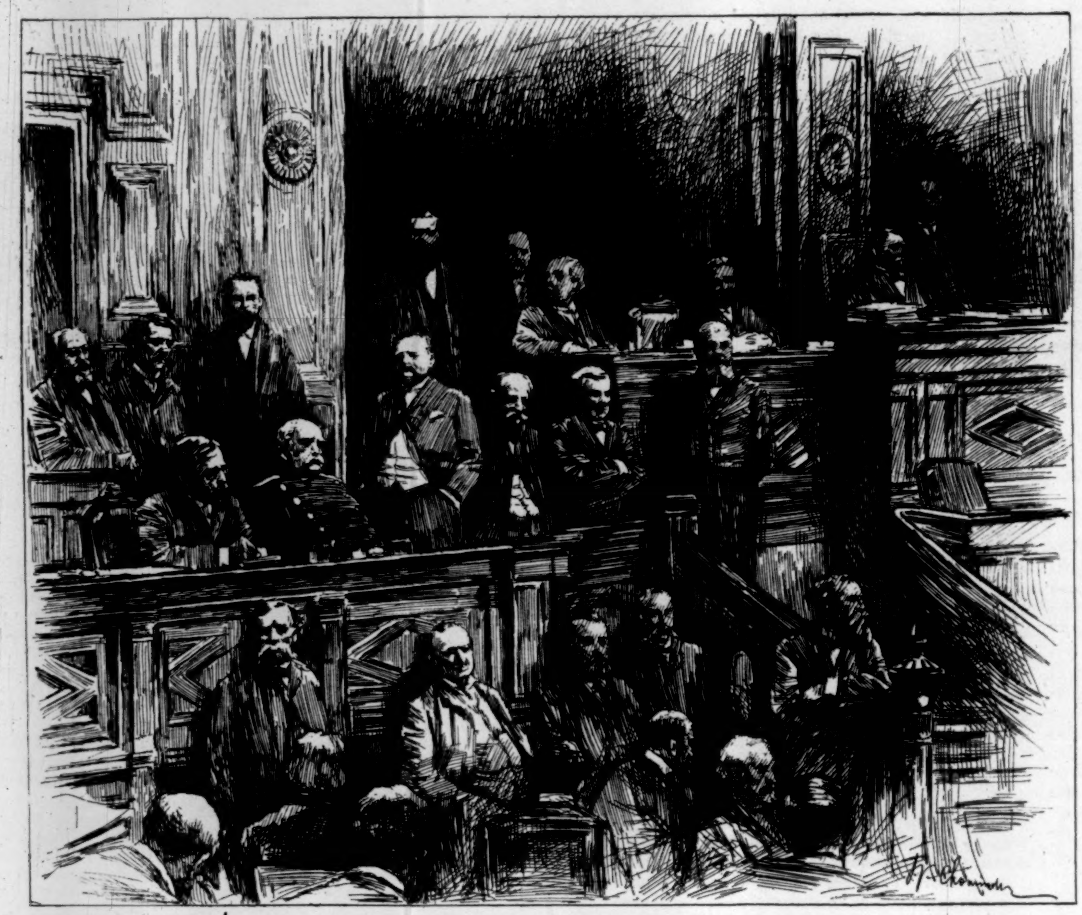
—STEPNIAK, the exiled Russian nihilist, lives quietly in London with his gifted wife, and the two spend much time in the British Museum, ransacking books and making many notes. STEPNIAK is an industrious writer, and is rarely seen at the clubs or in society, although he has a host of friends.

—SAM WAH KEE, the wealthiest and most influential Chinese resident of Boston, has obtained leave from the government to visit his native land and return to this country. The Chinese restriction law seems to be elastic enough to admit a Celestial "merchant," who is not a "laborer."

—An extraordinary career was closed by the death of PHOTIUS FISKE at Boston the other day. Over seventy-five years ago an American missionary picked up in the streets of Smyrna a little Greek boy whose parents had evidently died of the plague, and sent him to this country. He spent several years in Rev. Dr. LYMAN BEECHER'S household, and then was educated for the ministry. In due time he became a clergyman, but the defence of slavery by the Church, and the tenets held by some of the Congregational theologians under whom he had studied, were too much for him, and he turned into a radical. He worked with GERRIT SMITH and JOSHUA GIDDINGS in the cause of abolition, and was finally appointed a chaplain in the navy, principally through the influence of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, then in Congress.

DR. BAMBERGER.

PARSON STOECKER.



AROUND THE CHAIR OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REICHSTAG.

EUGEN RICHTER.

DR. BARTH.

PROFESSOR VIRCHOW.

DR. WINDTHORST.

REPRESENTATIVE MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN REICHSTAG.—From Photographs.—[See Page 138.]

"THE FULFILMENT OF THE PROPHECY."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XIX.—THE SEEDS OF REVOLT.

FOR the sake of brevity I shall summarize here the statement that Tizoc made to us, and for the sake of clearness I shall add to it some facts of minor importance which came to our knowledge later; thus at once exhibiting the whole of the troublous condition of affairs that stirred dangerously the people dwelling in the Valley of Aztlan at the time of our coming among them.

At this period, the political situation, as I may term it, was exceedingly critical. Three powerful factions were in existence; and peace was preserved only by the generally diffused belief that open revolt on the part of either one would be crushed instantly by a temporary coalition of the other two. The beginning of this unpleasantly volcanic condition of affairs dated back six cycles—that is to say, a little more than three hundred years—and was the direct result of a violation of the law, set forth by the wise King Chaltzantzin when the colony was founded, by which it was ordained that all among the Aztlanecas who on coming to maturity were weaklings or cripples should be put to death.

Being once suggested, the repeal or the modification of this law found many advocates. Naturally, the change was urged most strongly by all those whose sons and daughters were sickly or malformed, and so were doomed to die in the very blossom of their years; it was urged by the nobles because the more astute among them perceived the possibility of so manipulating it that it would result in the creation of a distinctively servile class; and the priests urged it because they also perceived a way by which it might be made to provide more victims for sacrifice to the gods. And so it came to pass, through the influence of these diverse elements operating together toward a common end, that the law which Chaltzantzin had promulgated was set aside, and a law was made that embodied the provisions demanded by the nobles and the priests, whereby should be created a new social class; which class, because of the infirmities of those composing it, received the name of Tlahuicos—"men turned toward the earth." Thereafter, the sickly and the crippled were not slain upon reaching maturity, but then passed out from the class into which they were born and became servitors. And when the first cycle was ended after the making of this new law, and thenceforward every year, one in every ten among the Tlahuicos was taken by lot to be sacrificed to the gods—for the priests craftily had gained the barbarous concession that they demanded by placing the first fulfilment of it at a time so far in the future that all concerned in the granting of it would be dead in the course of nature before it became operative. Yet, to the end that those of noble birth might be saved from the ignominy of servitude, it was provided that children which by reason of natural infirmity were doomed to become slaves might be saved from that fate, upon coming to maturity, by being then surrendered by their parents to the priests for sacrifice. Other grace there was none. Excepting between death and slavery there was no choice for the weak or the malformed.

As time passed on, the Tlahuicos, marrying among themselves, had greatly increased in numbers; and so far from remaining a weakling race they had become, by reason of their frugal mode of living and of the wholesome, hearty labor in which they constantly were engaged, exceptionally hale and strong—the weak and crippled among them being mainly those who each year, because of such infirmities, were added to their number from the higher ranks of the community. And thus was collected together material as dangerous as it was inflammable. For the fresh additions to the Tlahuicos kept constantly alive in the whole body a spirit of moody discontent—that time and again, at the season when the lots were cast by which one in every ten was doomed to death, was fanned into armed mutiny. These revolts ever had as their single object escape from the valley; which fact made evident enough the need for the elaborate system of defensive works by which the outlet of the valley was barred.

From the Tlahuicos were drawn the house-servants of the rich; and by those of this wretched class who were stout of body all the heavy labor of the community was carried on—the tilling of the fields, the quarrying of stone, the building of houses and bridges and roads, the felling of timber, the carriage of all burdens, and the working of the great gold mine concerning which I shall hereafter have more to tell. And all of these people were held in absolute bondage, either as the serfs of individual owners or as the property of the state: for each year the new accessions to the class were sold publicly at an auction to whoever would bid the most for them; and those which none would buy, being too infirm to be useful as laborers, the state laid claim to—but only that they might be kept alive until such time as they should be needed by the priests for sacrifice.

Yet out of this custom of sale, that on the face of it was harsh and barbarous, some slight mitigation of the cruelty of the system had come; for the practice had grown up of permitting parents to buy back their own children—nominally thereafter holding them as slaves—and so to save them at a single stroke from both death and servitude. One strong cause of the hatred of the Priest Captain Itzacoatl, Tizoc said (and we wondered then at the trembling in his voice and at the evidently deep emotion that overcame him as he spoke), was that he had but lately forbidden the continuance of this practice by which only the letter of the law was obeyed.

Until the promulgation by the Priest Captain of this decree, the priesthood, the military aristocracy, and the mass of the army had constituted, politically, one single class. The civil government was vested in a body styled the Council of the Twenty Lords, the members of which originally had been chosen by Chaltzantzin, and from him had received authority, in perpetuity, to fill the vacancies which death would cause amongst them by selecting the wisest of each new generation to be Councillors. While the composition of this body was distinctively aristocratic—for its members were either military nobles or priests of a high grade—there was in it also an element of democracy; for both the priesthood and the army were recruited from all classes of society (saving only the servile class), and among the Twenty Lords there were always men who had risen from obscurity to distinction solely by their own merit. Over this body the Priest Captain presided; yet was his will superior to that of the Council, for he was the visible representative of the gods, and so centred in his own person their high authority and dreadful power.

Until the time of Itzacoatl, each successive Priest Captain, in the long line that here had ruled, had exercised so discreetly his theocratic rights, and in all ways had shown such wisdom in his government, that no conflict had arisen between the temporal and the spiritual powers. And thus wisely had Itzacoatl governed in the early years of his reign. But as age stole upon him, and he now was a very old man, his rule had grown more and more tyrannical. He had drawn about him certain priests for intimate advisers; and these constantly led him to run counter to the will of the Twenty Lords, not only in matters about which divergent opinions reasonably might be held, but in matters wherein the will of the whole people was at one with the advice that the Council gave. Thus, gradually, two parties were built up within the state: that of the priests, which strongly seconded the disposition that Itzacoatl manifested to make the spiritual power absolutely supreme; and that of the nobles and people of the higher class, which sought to maintain the Council's ancient rights in matters temporal. In regard to these two factions the affiliations of the army were so nicely balanced that neither side ventured to resort to open violence—for each dreaded that the other would turn the scale against them by invoking the aid of the servile class. Thus it was that the despised Tlahuicos actually held the balance of power. Yet of this fact, Tizoc declared—but I noticed that just here there was a curious hesitancy about his speech, as though he knew more than he was willing to disclose—the Tlahuicos were but dimly conscious; while they did know certainly that in the present state of affairs any attempt on their part to rise in mutiny would be met, as it had been met many times in the past, by all the forces of both factions of their superiors overwhelmingly united against them.

But the bond that was stronger than all others in holding together this community, in which beneath the surface were working such potent elements of disintegration, was the loyal resolve pervading it to execute the mission to which its members were destined when they were set apart from the remainder of their race a thousand years before. Excepting only among the Tlahuicos—who, in the nature of things, could have no share in it—there had ever been among all classes a fervent longing for the summons that should call them forth to aid their brethren in the battling with a foreign foe that Chaltzantzin had prophesied. And by reason of this loyalty to a lofty purpose, the open rupture that assuredly otherwise would have come, had been thus far restrained. Honor forbade, Tizoc declared, that by falling to warring among themselves, they should put in jeopardy their power to respond instantly to the summons that might at any instant come.

It was therefore with a profound and solemn interest, for the grave import of it was plain to him, that Tizoc, having ended his own statement, questioned us as to the full meaning of the words which we had spoken when first we entered the valley: that the prophecy of Chaltzantzin long since had been fulfilled, and that now, having in its appointed time miscarried, the summons would never come.

With awe, and in sorrowful silence, he listened as Fray Antonio and I told him how exactly the prophecy had been verified by the coming of the Spaniards and by their conquest and enslavement of the Mexicans; yet was he cheered again as our narrative continued, and he learned of the brave fight for freedom that his brethren had made, and of the happy success that had crowned it in the end. Of the period between the achievement of independence and recent years we said but little—it is not a period of which those whose feeling toward the Mexicans is friendly have much desire to talk—contenting ourselves with emphasizing the fact that the race so long oppressed, having risen successfully against its

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1722.

oppressors, remained independent under a ruler of its own blood.

To that part of our narrative in which we told how we had gained knowledge of the hidden city of Culhuacan, and possession of the token of summons, Tizoc gave but little heed. It was evident that his mind was engrossed with consideration of the more important matters of which we had told him, and of the direct bearing that they had upon the troubled condition of affairs in which his own people were involved. Seeing which, we left him to his own thoughts while we talked of these same matters among ourselves.

Rayburn, in his quick, clear-headed way, grasped the situation promptly and accurately. "About the size of it is," he said, "that we've knocked the false work right from under everything that these folks have been building for the whole thousand years that they have been living here—and what they've built isn't strong enough to stand alone. As Young says, it's a cold day for the Priest Captain because we have got hold of his boss miracle; but it's still colder weather for him because the news that we have brought makes it all right for the crowd that wants to fight him to go right ahead and do it—and I guess they will do it, too, as soon as they get the fact fairly into their heads that there no longer is a chance of their being called off in the middle of their row. Unless I am very much mistaken, we shall see some pretty lively times in this valley inside of the next thirty days."

"And unless *I'm* mistaken," Young struck in, "the Colonel here will be about the first man to take off his coat—that is, the thing that I suppose he thinks is a coat—and sail in. I don't know just what he's got against the Priest Captain, except that he seems to be a sort of pill on general principles, but I'm sure that he's down on him from the word go. From what the Colonel says, I judge that his crowd has a pretty good chance of coming out on top—for the other crowd seems to be made up for the most part of parsons; and parsons, as a rule, haven't much fight in 'em. What we'd better do is to tie to the Colonel; and when we've helped him and his friends to wollop the other fellows they'll be so much obliged to us that they'll let us bag all the treasure we want and clear out. And that reminds me, Professor, we haven't heard anything about any treasure so far. Just ask the Colonel if there really is one. If there isn't, I vote for pulling out before the row begins. It's as true of a fight as it is of a railroad that running it just for the operating expenses don't pay."

Tizoc answered my question on this head somewhat absently, for he evidently was debating within himself some very serious matter; but his answer was of a sort that Young found entirely satisfactory. In the heart of the city, he said, was the Treasure-House that Chaltzantzin had builded there; and within it the treasure remained that Chaltzantzin had stored away. What it consisted of, nor the value of it, he could not tell. The Treasure-House was also the Great Temple; and of the treasure only the Priest Captain had accurate knowledge. In the Treasure-House, Tizoc added, was stored the tribute that the people paid annually, and the metal that was taken from the great mine. This metal was the most precious of all their possessions, he said, for from it their arms were made, and also their tools for tilling the earth and for working wood and stone. It had not always been of such value, for it naturally was too soft to serve these useful purposes; but at a remote period, until which time their implements had been made of stone, a wise man among them had discovered a way by which it could be hardened; and from that time onward the people had prospered, because they thus were enabled to practice all manner of useful arts.

"And what is this metal like?" I asked with much interest; for my archæological instinct instantly was aroused by hearing summed in these few words a matter of such momentous importance as the transition of a people to the age of metal from the age of stone.

"It is like this," Tizoc answered simply, disengaging as he spoke a heavy bracelet from his arm; "only this remains in its natural state of softness. To be of great value, it first must be made hard."

I had no doubt in my own mind as to what this metal was; but I knew that Rayburn, who was an excellent metallurgist, could pronounce upon it authoritatively.

"Is this gold?" I asked, handing him the bracelet.

"Certainly it is," he answered in a moment; "and it seems to be entirely without alloy."

"Then your guess about the bright, hard metal that has been such a puzzle to us," I continued, "was the right one. It is hardened gold," and I repeated to him what Tizoc had told me.

Rayburn was deeply interested. "Scientifically, this is a big thing, Professor," he said. "These fellows can give points to our metallurgists. But for our purposes, of course, what they've caught on to here has no practical value. Gold has got to come down a good deal, or phosphor-bronze has got to go up a good deal, before it will pay us to turn gold dollars into axle-bearings and cogs and pinions. But it's mighty interesting, all the same. Fusing with silicium would give a gold silicide that might fill the bill for hardness; but I can't even make a guess as to how they do the tempering. Ask the Colonel what the whole process is, Professor. It will make a capital paper to read before the Society of Mining Engineers at their next meeting."

As I turned to Tizoc to ask this question, I perceived that his regard was fixed upon something on the other side of the court-yard; and in his look most tender love was blended with a deep melancholy. Following the direction of his gaze, I saw that its object was a beautiful boy, a lad of twelve or fourteen years old, who was half hidden behind some flowering shrubs, and from this cover was peering at us curiously.

"It is my Maza, my little son," Tizoc said, as he turned and saw the direction in which I looked. And then he called to the boy to come to him. For a moment Maza hesitated, but when the call was repeated he came out from behind the screen of flowers and so toward us across the court-yard; and as he advanced I perceived that he was lame. In his face was the look of wistfulness which cripples so often have; and there was a rare sweetness and intelligence in the expression of his large brown eyes. In a moment I understood why it was that Tizoc resented so bitterly the abrogation by the Priest Captain of the custom that had permitted parents to buy back their crippled children and so to save them from slavery; and a selfish feeling of gladness came into my heart as this light dawned upon me—for I knew that when we faced the danger that threatened us (a most real danger, for our coming into the valley was nothing less than a deadly blow at Itzacoatl's supremacy) we surely would find in Tizoc an ally and a friend.

XX.—THE PRIEST CAPTAIN'S SUMMONS.

There was so much meaning in my look as I turned toward Tizoc that I had no need to speak; he knew that I had comprehended the situation, and so answered my looks in words.

"Do you wonder that I rejoice over your coming and over the news which you bring? The will of the gods no longer is that we shall do the work for which our lord Chaltzantzin destined us; therefore are we free to set aside the custom that he decreed by which our weak ones are condemned to death, and with it the custom yet more cruel, of our own devising, by which they are saved from death only that they may be made slaves. To my boy neither slavery nor death shall come. Through you the gods have spoken, and he is saved. And now also is fulfilled the prophecy that of ancient times was spoken: that with the coming into the Valley of Aztlan of a four-footed beast bearing upon its back a man, the power of the Priest Captain should end."

Much more, doubtless, Tizoc would have said to us, for an exalted emotion stirred him; but at that moment there was the sound of hurrying feet in the outer enclosure, and then Tizoc's secretary came through the narrow entrance into the court-yard followed closely by a detachment of the guards. The secretary spoke hurriedly to his master, apart from us, and from his excited manner in speaking, and from the anxious look upon his master's face as he listened, we inferred that some very stirring matter was involved in the communication that he brought.

For a few moments Tizoc stood in silence, his head bowed, as though engaged in earnest thought. Then he turned to us and spoke. "The Priest Captain has sent his order that ye shall be brought before him," he said, "and that ye must go hence without delay." And then he added, taking me aside and speaking in a low voice: "There is great commotion already in the city, for the soldiers have noised abroad the news which you bring. The Council of the Twenty Lords has been called together, and I am told that a messenger from the Council is on his way hither. That my order to take you to the city in such haste, and directly to the Priest Captain, is so stringent, I cannot but think is caused by his strong desire to get you hence before the messenger from the Council shall arrive. His purpose toward you surely is an evil one; but fear not—ye bring a message of freedom and deliverance that has only to be published to raise around you a host of friends. And now we must go."

In a few moments we had quitted Tizoc's house, passed out though the fortified gateway in the heavy wall by which the little plateau on the mountain-side was defended, and so by a broad road that descended sharply went downward toward the border of the lake. Our order of march was the same as that adopted in bringing us from the Barred Pass: before us and behind us were detachments of the guards, and Tizoc walked with us. In accordance with his desire, that he expressed to me in a cautious whisper, Pablo rode upon El Sabio's back. There was no need for him to explain his motive in making this suggestion. It was his purpose, evidently, to exhibit the fulfilment of the prophecy as conspicuously as possible, and so to prepare the ground for the sowing of the seeds of revolt.

I had an opportunity now to tell Rayburn and Young of what Tizoc had been speaking at the moment when the summons from the Priest Captain came; and also of the strong personal reason that he had for protecting us, even to the extent of forwarding the outbreak of revolution, in his desire to save from death or slavery the son whom he so well loved.

"I'm not at all surprised to hear that what we've told 'em is going to start a revolution," Rayburn said. "That's just the way I sized the matter up, you know, as soon as I got down to the first facts. If they'd had a decent sort of a fellow at the head of things they might have worked along so as to take a fresh start without fighting over it. But this Priest Captain chap isn't that kind. He goes in for Boss management and machine politics, I should judge from what the Colonel says, as straight as if he was a New York alderman or the chairman of a State campaign committee in Ohio. No doubt he's got a pretty big crowd back of him; but that kind of a crowd don't amount to much in a fight when there's any sort of a show for the other side to win. It sort of gets out of the way, and stands around with water on both shoulders, and then when one side begins to get pretty well on top—it don't matter which—it says that that's the side it's been fighting with all along, and begins to kick the fellows that are down. Where our chance comes in is in having the respectable element, the solid men who pay taxes and have an interest in decent government, to tie to. They may not pay taxes here, but that's the kind I mean. And that kind, when it takes to fighting, fights hard. Then there must be a lot of fathers with crippled children, like the Colonel here, who are down on the Priest Captain the worst kind, and will be only too glad of a chance to go for him; and they can be counted on to stand in with us, and to fight harder than anybody. I'll admit, Professor, that we're in a pretty tight place; but it might be a good deal tighter, and I do honestly believe that we'll get out of it."

"And so do I," said Young; "especially now that I know that that burro of Pablo's is part of a prophecy. I always did think that there was style about El Sabio, anyway; and now I know what it comes from. When I was a boy, the one thing that used to keep me quiet in church was hearing our minister read that story about Balaam and *his* burro; but I never thought then that I'd actually ketch up with a live ass that was in the prophesying line of business for itself—or had prophecies made about it, which is pretty much the same thing. To be sure, this prophecy don't come down to dots quite as much as I'd like it to. But I s'pose that that's the way with 'em always; eh, Professor? The prophets sort of leave things at loose ends on purpose; so's they can run 'wild' on a clear track, without any bother about schedule time or connections."

"Well, our burro lays over Balaam's," Rayburn struck in. "In that case it took the combined arguments of an ass and an angel to convince Balaam that he was off about his location and was running his lines all wrong; but, unless we count in Pablo, El Sabio is playing a lone hand. And I'm sure that the Colonel's not fooling us about this prophecy business, either. It's rubbish, of course; but that don't matter so long as the people here swallow it for the genuine thing. Just look at that old fellow, there. He's tumbled to it, and he's regularly knocked out."

We were close to the shore of the lake by this time, and as Rayburn spoke we were passing a small house, in front of which was gathered a group of Indians. In the midst of the group was a very old man, who with outstretched arm was pointing toward Pablo and El Sabio, and who at the same time was talking to his companions in grave and earnest tones. There was a look of awe upon his age-worn face, and as we fairly came abreast of him he dropped upon his knees and raised his arms above his head as though in supplication to some higher power. The action, truly, was a most impressive one; and even more strongly than we were affected by it did it affect those who were clustered around him. In a moment all in the group had fallen upon their knees and had raised their arms upward; and then a low moaning, that presently grew louder and more thrilling, broke forth among them as they gave vent to the feeling of awful dread that was in their hearts.

"That's business, that is," Young said, in tones of great satisfaction. "Those fellows do believe in the prophecy, for a fact; and if the folks once get it fairly into their heads that the time has come for their rascally Priest Captain to have an upset, that's a good long start for our side toward upsettin' him. It was just everlastin'ly level-headed in the Colonel to make Pablo ride El Sabio, and so regularly cram the thing down these critters' throats. I don't know how much of the prophecy he believes himself; but he's working it for all it's worth, anyway. There don't seem to be any flies worth speakin' of on the Colonel; eh, Professor? And I guess that anybody who wants to get up earlier 'n the morning than he does 'll have to make a start overnight!"

By this time the road that we followed had come down to the lake-level, and presently we reached the end of it; which was a well-built pier that extended out from the shelving shore into deep water. Here a boat was in waiting for us; a barge of near forty feet in length with twenty men to row it, while a mast was stepped well forward which was rigged to carry a sail that was a compromise between a lug and a lateen. There was some little talk between the officer in charge of the barge and Tizoc, and then the latter motioned us to go on board. The barge-master gave the order to the guard to follow us, as though the command of the party now had devolved upon him; and it seemed to us, from the close group that the guard made around us in the boat, and from the anxious looks which the barge-master cast upon us, that very strict orders must have been given concerning keeping us closely in ward. Under these circumstances it caused us some little wonder that we were permitted to retain our arms—until the thought occurred to me that these people, having no knowledge of such things, did not at all realize that our rifles and revolvers were arms at all. To test which theory I drew one of my pistols—not violently, but as though this were something that I was doing for my own convenience—and so held it in my hands that the muzzle was pointed directly at the heart of the soldier who sat beside me; yet beyond the interest that its odd shape, and the strange metal that it was made of, aroused in him it was evident that the man regarded my action entirely without concern. I drew the attention of Rayburn and Young to what I was doing, and to how evident it was that fire-arms were unknown to this people; and in their ignorance we found much cause for satisfaction.

"If they don't know enough to 'corral our guns," Young said, "we've got a pretty good sized piece of dead wood on 'em. The way things are going, we may have a rumpus a'most any time, I s'pose; and if it does come to a rumpus they'll be a badly struck lot when we open on 'em. Robinson Crusoe cleaned out a whole outfit of Indians with just an old flintlock musket; and I should say that we'd simply paralyze this crowd when we all get goin' at once with our revolvers and Winchesters. Isn't that your idea of it, Rayburn?"

But Rayburn did not answer, for while Young was speaking he had taken out his field-glass and was examining the city; to within three or four miles of which we now were come. "Well, that *is* a walled city, and no mistake," he said, as he lowered the glass from his eyes. "Take a look, Professor. These people may be easy to fool when it comes to prophecies, but when it comes to engineering and architecture they're sound all the way through. Just look at the straightness of that wall running up the hill, and how exact the alignment is of the two parts above and below that ledge of rocks. They had to get that alignment, you know, by taking fore-sights and back-sights from the top of the ledge; and I must say that for people who haven't got far enough along in civilization to wear trousers it's an uncommonly pretty piece of work."

As I looked through the glass I was less impressed by this technical detail, involving the overcoming of engineering difficulties which I did not very thoroughly understand, than I was by the majestic effect produced by the city as a whole in conjunction with the site on which it was reared. At this point the lake came close up to the vastly high cliffs by which the valley everywhere was girt in, and here jutted out from the cliff a great promontory of rock whereof the highest part was fully two hundred feet above the lake-level. For the accommodation of the houses which everywhere were built upon it, the sloping face of this promontory had been cut into broad terraces, of which the facings were massive walls of stone; and the whole was enclosed by a wall of great height and enormous thickness that swept out in an immense semicircle from the face of the cliff, and thus shut in the terraced promontory and also a considerable area of level land at the base of it between the lowest terrace and the margin of the lake.

On the highest terrace, crowning and dominating the whole, was a majestic building that seemed to be half temple and half fort; a square structure resting solidly against the face of the cliff, and thence projecting a long way outward to where its façade was flanked by two low, heavy, square towers. Architecturally, this building, unlike any other of which I had knowledge in Mexico, saving only the temple that we had found upon the lonely mountain-top, was pervaded by a distinctly Egyptian sentiment. Its walls sloped inward from their bases, and no trivial nor fretful lines weakened the effect of their massive dignity; for the whole of the decoration upon them was a broad panelling that was gained by a combination of heavy pilasters and a heavy cornice; and with the exception of a central entrance, the front was unbroken by openings of any kind. Possessing these characteristics, the building had about it an air of solemnity that bordered closely upon gloom; and the obvious solidity of its construction was such that it seemed destined to last on through all coming ages in defiance of the assaults of time. There was no need for me to question Tizoc, for I knew that what I beheld before me, crowning with sombre grandeur this strange city girded with such prodigious walls, was the Treasure-House that Chaltzantzin, the Aztec King, had builded in the dim dawning of a most ancient past.

Young took his turn in looking through the glass, and as he handed it to Fray Antonio he said: "If at any time in the course of the past few weeks, Professor, you've got the notion from any of my talk that I thought that dead friend of yours, the old monk, was a liar, I want to take it all back; and I want to take back all that I've said about that other dead friend of yours, the Cacique, having set up a job on us. It's clear enough now that both of your friends played an entirely square game. They said that there was a walled city; and there it is. They said that there was a big Treasure-House; and there *that* is. They were perfect gentlemen, Professor, and I want to set myself right on the record by sayin' so. If one of 'em hadn't been dead for more than three months, and if the other one hadn't been dead for more than three hundred years, and if they both were here, I'd knuckle under and ask 'em to take my hat."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REICHSTAG AND ITS LEADERS.

The German Empire, the German Constitution, and with it the German Parliament, issued from the camp of a German army during the siege of Paris in the winter of 1870–1. The unity of purpose that animated this army had been produced by common wrongs at the hands of Napoleon the Great, and their leader enjoyed the historic privilege of being for the third time at the gates of the French capital leading a victorious army. Every man of that nation in arms, whether from Hanover or Bavaria, Holstein or Cassel, recognized the expediency of making their union permanent—first, as a protection in case of war, and secondly, from the conviction that whatever each little state might lose through surrender of its autonomy would be more than compensated for by participation in making laws for the whole union.

And thus it came about that a parliament called forth from amidst the thunder of French and German artillery, announced by roll of drum and blare of bugle, suggesting by its origin the work of a drum-head court-martial rather than the fruit of legislative debate, took its seat in Berlin on the 21st of March, 1871.

The constitutional safeguards surrounding the German M. P. are, on paper at least, very gratifying, and were the German Constitution applied in the spirit of civil liberty and self-government, no reasonable man could possibly find fault with it. So liberal, in fact, are the provisions of this Constitution that many a good Prussian sighed to think that in 1871 his country should prefer to be the first state in Germany rather than the first kingdom in Europe.

Parliament has heretofore been called together every three years, but with the session opening on the 21st of this month (February) five years is to be the term. Members in Germany receive no salary, and Bismarck has even prosecuted such members as received compensation for their time out of party funds. This action of the Chancellor was criticised by his opponents, because there are a number of able citizens who cannot afford the expensive life of the capital without an addition to their income, and it seems unfair to the country that the services of a good representative should be lost when his fellow-citizens stand ready to make up a purse for his benefit. Curiously enough, Bismarck did not appear to see the incongruity of himself receiving on his seventieth birthday nearly a million dollars subscribed by his political admirers.

Every German M.P. has a free pass on the railway from his home to Berlin and back, but no more. As, however, German railways are largely government affairs, this privilege is not looked upon as would be a similar courtesy offered by either the Pennsylvania or Central railroad.

Germany has manhood suffrage as complete as ours, and equally effective machinery for casting and counting votes. The representatives of the people, when assembled in the Reichstag or Imperial Diet at Berlin, enjoy the same rights that we have to vent their grievances and propose measures of relief. Limited as is the right of free speech out-of-doors, no censor has yet dared to muzzle the people's tribunes when legally assembled for the transaction of public business; nor does the police interfere with the printing of verbatim reports of parliamentary debates.

The composition of this Parliament is in the highest degree creditable to the patriotism of the people, as well as to the high culture that prevails. The list of members includes most eminent men of letters, professors, scientists, jurists, landed proprietors, clergymen—in short, a body of such varied attainments that one can scarce conceive a subject on which a committee of experts could not be appointed. It is not merely a club of gentlemen such as the British Parliament; it is far more than that—a club of gentlemen each one an acknowledged authority in some department of knowledge. It is safe to say that since the days of Pericles no legislative body has ever represented the arts and sciences of its country so completely as the German Reichstag of our day.

This body would be irresistible if it could ever be brought to act unanimously, or if any single section of it could ever represent a party majority in the nation. The nearly eight million votes cast for members are dissipated upon about a dozen political groups of the most heterogeneous composition. One party group wants Denmark rehabilitated; another wants France to get back her conquered provinces; the Hanoverians wish to secede from under Prussian domination; a turbulent Polish contingent prays for Kosciusko and—the coming of the Messiah; the Roman Catholic party promises to make trouble until the Emperor invites the Pope to share his throne; and the Socialists—it would take a book to tell what they want, but as they have grown from 125,000 in 1871 to 763,000 in 1887, there is no telling when they will be the only political force left in the empire, particularly since the encouragement they have received from the Prime Minister himself.

Besides the parties I have mentioned, there are three that support Bismarck, and may be roughly called Conservative, leaving one party only, 36 out of the 397 members, to represent constitutional liberal government pure and simple. The three quasi-conservative factions combined in 1887, and made what is popularly called a *Cartell* or coalition party, which proved of great service to Bismarck, but which bore so many evidences of being a ministerial machine that it reminds one more of Cromwell's Parliament than anything of modern times.

The out-and-out constitutional and opposition party of 36 members is of course in a hopeless minority so far as numbers go, but has a moral influence and intellectual prestige that are very great. This party—Freisinnige—seeks to construe the Constitution strictly; to hold the Prime Minister accountable to the country as well as to his sovereign; to check the spread of officialism and soldierism; to accomplish national results through private enterprise rather than government means. It is opposed to colonization schemes that do not rest upon peaceful development of a country's resources; it is decidedly opposed to protection as a fiscal system; it abominates socialism as strongly as it distrusts officialism, and consequently attacks government measures intended to relieve working-men from the consequences of old age and accidents.

This party is the particular object of Bismarck's aversion, for it makes war upon his measures with irresistible logic, pitiless facts, and exquisite satire. It exposes the fallacies of socialism, and then brands Bismarck as the arch-socialist; when the Chancellor introduces a measure intended to raise the profits of land-owners, it is this party that shows the working-men that the cost of living is to be raised as well, but not wages; when troops are sent away to conquer colonies in Africa, it is in the face of this party's opposition, and Bismarck must bear their chuckling when his colonial policy receives a check. This is the party that most vigorously insists upon liberty of speech and liberty of the press; ridicules the idea that an intellectual movement can be crushed with the same weapons that disperse a mob; and in spite of its small showing on the rolls of the House it has scored successes that make the great Chancellor appear to as little advantage as Polyphemus blindly throwing rocks after the ships of the crafty Ulysses.

Amongst the leaders of this Freisinnige party are Barth, Bamberger, Richter, and Virchow, all men of university training and of scholarly attainment.

Virchow, who is now nearly seventy years old, is regarded as the highest living authority in pathology, if not in the general field of medicine, and his published writings represent a small library. He is easily the principal figure of the Berlin University; and yet, owing to his opposition to Bismarck, he has twice lost the chance of being its president. Immersed as he is in scientific research, he never fails to regard the cure of the state as higher than any other, and his support has never failed the Liberals from the days of '48 to the present. Last year, when the Mayor of Berlin called a committee together for the purpose of raising money for the sufferers by flood in Pennsylvania, I was kindly invited to be present, and, to my great pleasure, found that I had been given a seat next to the great pathologist. His conversation reflected most agreeably the feelings of gratitude he entertained for America because of the generous manner in which we had responded to their appeals in a similar calamity. It is needless to say that neither Professor Virchow nor any of his colleagues in the national congress or in the municipal council receive any pay for their devotion to public affairs; and this is, no doubt, one of the principal reasons why in Germany men of the highest personal character and professional attainments feel it an honor to mix in politics. Perhaps some of these days we shall find our Edisons, Clarence Kings, Dr. John Halls, and Bishop Potters in our Board of Aldermen; and when we do, we shall realize better than through description of mine how Berlin is managed.

Dr. Barth, though one of the youngest members of the Reichstag, carries upon his shoulders perhaps a larger amount of anti-Bismarck ammunition than any other Liberal in his ranks. He knows England and this country well, our common literature, and more particularly the history of our common struggles in the direction of self-government. In the midst of the political demoralization created by Bismarck's protectionist and socialist legislation, Barth has held together a small but clever band of his countrymen, who never cease to preach the fallacy of protection and socialism, and the importance of seeking the strength of the state in the energy and independence of the individual. The views of this party are expressed by the *Nation*, a weekly political and literary review, corresponding closely not merely in name, but in contents as well, to our own *Nation*. Dr. Barth founded this review six years ago, and made it at once the guiding star of the Liberal party. Amongst the names frequently signed to articles are found those of the historian of Rome, Mommsen, George von Bunsen, Professor von Holst, Professor Virchow, Henry Villard, Carl Abel, and many others well known in Germany, though less so here—of men, be it understood, who are not attracted to this paper by large money reward, and who, on the contrary expose themselves to petty persecution by publicly assisting a paper devoted to many anti-Bismarck measures.

Two years after the founding of the *Nation*, Eugen Richter, one of the wittiest and best-informed members of the Reichstag, founded the *Freisinnige Zeitung*, to do in the daily form what Barth undertook more from the review standpoint, and it seems to be universally admitted that he has succeeded in adding to his already great powers of irritating the great Chancellor while still keeping clear of police interference. Richter is barely fifty, of great physical power, made his mark in the literary world by some excellent works in the economic field, delights in the battles of political life, and rises highest when resenting in the House a snub from the ministerial benches. Not long since his party called Count Herbert Bismarck to account for having so long concealed the text of the Samoa treaty. The Foreign Minister answered that he did not make the text known because he wished to be spared the useless language which certain members (meaning the Opposition) would surely make use of. Richter then wished to know whom Count Herbert referred to by this accusation, and received for answer that it was not worth while mentioning names, as every one present knew well enough who was meant.

Poor Herbert Bismarck! He had lost his head, and gave his antagonist the very opportunity sought. Richter turned upon him with a burst of majestic indignation, and protested that the ministerial answer was offensive. How would he, Bismarck, like to be told that there were ministers of the crown who could never address the House without making a mess of things; that he need not mention names for every one recognized who was meant? My informer, a late member of our government, said that young Bismarck found the argument unanswerable, and had to beat his retreat amidst general hilarity, particularly on the Liberal side. This story illustrates not so much that Herbert Bismarck is dull, for, on the contrary, I should rate him as an exceptionally ready after-dinner talker, but that Richter is gifted with a readiness in debate to which not even a Bismarck is equal.

Dr. Bamberger is sixty-seven, an authority to his party in economic and fiscal legislation, and the author of some excellent works on labor and socialism. He is a frequent contributor to scientific and literary reviews, and appears in the last *Nineteenth Century* with an article on the German press, a subject, by-the-way, that gives him the opportunity of concealing much spicy information. He had to leave his country in the days of '48, and devoted himself to banking until the amnesty of 1866, when he returned, and once more devoted his energies to the public cause. He never hesitates to throw aside his literary work when demand is made upon his time by his fellow-Liberals, or by the still larger number of strangers to the capital, who naturally feel that their pilgrimage is incomplete if they return without having exchanged a word with the great Bamberger.

Dr. Windthorst is, after Moltke, about the oldest conspicuous member of the House, seventy-eight years old, a Hanoverian by birth and breeding, but, above all, the champion of papal authority in Germany. He is perhaps the all-round most popular member of the House, because of his wit, his inexhaustible fund of humor, and the amiability that reflects itself in every movement of his eccentric figure. Though his best friend never called him handsome, his bitterest enemy freely admits that he has great personal attraction. As head of the Catholic party he represents 101 votes to the Liberal 36, and is therefore an object of far greater interest for purposes of compromise with Bismarck than the latter. In fact Bismarck, the author of the Kulturkampf, has on more than one occasion united with his Conservatives the subjects of the Pope, in order to jointly defeat the Liberals, Socialists, Poles, and other rebellious elements.

Stoecker is a minister of the Gospel whose activity is popularly regarded as directed mainly against Jews; in fact his most common title is "Jew-baiter." Assuming that popular impressions in this case are wrong, he has at least done nothing in his public life to explain why he, rather than any one else, is regarded as an exponent of the Sermon on the Mount. He has been ten years a member of Parliament, and is constantly agitating amidst the high Conservatives a plan to cure the ills that plague Prussia by rooting out all creeds but his own.

He made himself famous in the winter of 1887 by holding a meeting at the house of Count Waldersee, and by securing as its chief attraction the person of the present Emperor, then Prince William. This attempt to dignify a sectarian movement by associating with it the name of a future sovereign was roundly denounced by the German press of all parties, and Prince William himself took pains to make it clear that his interest in Stoecker's mission sprang from his general interest in the welfare of all Germans, and not from a wish to become the disciple of a proselytizer. This distinguished prelate is only about fifty-four years old, and promises many years of active political life in the interest of his creed and party.

I have here touched only upon a few of the distinguished men that grace the Reichstag, and little as I have said, the question must seem natural, "Why is this Parliament so weak, filled as it is with so many able men?" I must answer by asking another, "Why is Bismarck so great?"

Prussia has no confidence in "government by gabble," as she is pleased to consider it. The German school-boy is brought up to learn that his nation's greatness is not the product of citizens working in common for their interests, but that their glory in art, commerce, and war is handed down from the prince to the people. The Prussian looks back with pride to centuries in which an unbroken line of Hohenzollern rulers have conscientiously devoted all their time and energy to making the kingdom strong without and prosperous within. They have had no treacherous Stuarts to undermine the love of Kings, and consequently never produced a Cromwell; they have never been ruled by a Bourbon, and in consequence have known no French Revolution. Prussia's Kings have been despots, but the worst of them have not forfeited the love and esteem of millions of their subjects.

The German Reichstag is to a large degree under the personal domination of Bismarck, much as the Long Parliament submitted to the Lord Protector. Germany is too young in the art of self-government to thwart the man who made of Prussia an empire, and who is esteemed the greatest foreign minister of modern times. Many a good German who would oppose socialistic measures if proposed by the average member, readily yields his vote when Bismarck tells him to do so. In fact, a large share of Germany is Bismarckian through thick and thin—never mind what he may propose. They know that he has done great things for the father-land, and would rather trust him blindly now and forever than have their faith shaken by discussing his bills. To compare Bismarck's influence over members to that of Parnell's over the Irish in the House of Commons would fail to express how completely most Germans have suspended their own independent reasoning in favor of that of the Chancellor.

But even his strong constitution cannot last forever; he has lived seventy-six years; has done what seemed beyond the gift of any one man to accomplish; has impressed his individuality upon every department of human energy in Germany, for one generation at least; and differ as they may regarding particular measures, all Germans are to-day stronger in their national pride by reason of what Bismarck has done.

So long as he lives, both Emperor and Parliament will delight in according him the fond indulgence always accorded where great services have been rendered; he will continue to awe legislative bodies by the thunder of his prophetic voice; he will carry measures opposed to sound political economy, and make people think still that they can extirpate socialism by expelling a few apostles of that creed. But the greatest of great men have their day, and leave the next generation face to face with the same questions that vexed their fathers. When this day comes to Germany, her constitutional history will commence to be of real interest, for on that day Germany will be made to look for guidance not merely to one minister of the crown, but to the collective wisdom of a people's Parliament.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE ROAD-SIDE WELL.

THE skies were sunny and calm,
The air like a bell,
And Heaven rained down balm
As we drank at the well.

Was the cup silver or stone?
How can I tell?
There by the road-side alone,
We drank at the well.

Pale was the draught;
The drops blazed as they fell.
Life of the rover, we quaffed
Who drank at the well.

Can mortals forget?
Can the heart escape from the spell?
Nay, I shall come to you yet;
We drank at the well!

DORA READ GOODALE.

THE GENTILE TRIUMPH IN SALT LAKE CITY.

ON February 10th, for the first time in the history of Salt Lake City, the opponents of Mormonism carried a municipal election. The entire Gentile ticket was elected by decisive majorities, ranging from 808 to 402, in a total vote of 6354. The candidate for Mayor, George M. Scott, whose picture is printed in this issue of the WEEKLY, received the largest of these majorities. Important issues, when the contest is considered close, usually have the effect of bringing forward exceptionally good men as nominees for office, and this appears to have been eminently the case with reference to Mr. Scott. He is a native of Clinton County, New York, fifty-four years old, who went to California in 1852, and thence to Utah in 1871. He established himself in business in Salt Lake City, and by industry, ability, probity, and broad human sympathies gained both fortune and a reputation for high character. He is now honored with the responsibility of inaugurating a new order of things in what was once the stronghold of the Latter Day Saints.

This change of government in Salt Lake City is one of great moment. It is the severest blow that has been dealt to the Mormon hierarchy since it attained formidable proportions. It means the introduction of a non-sectarian common-school system, and the vindication of American principles generally, with all its far-reaching consequences. People throughout the country who have been nervous about the spread of the "twin relic" in Utah and adjacent Territories will be reassured by this peaceful political overthrow at the ballot-box. The disabilities visited upon contumacious polygamists and the abolition of woman suffrage had some effect, perhaps, in the reduction of the Mormon majority, but the main cause was the general influence of civilization. The beginning of the end was marked by the advent of the locomotives of the Pacific Railway. Shortly after the opening of the road the Liberal party was organized out of meagre material, and in two decades it has grown to its present ascendency in the capital.

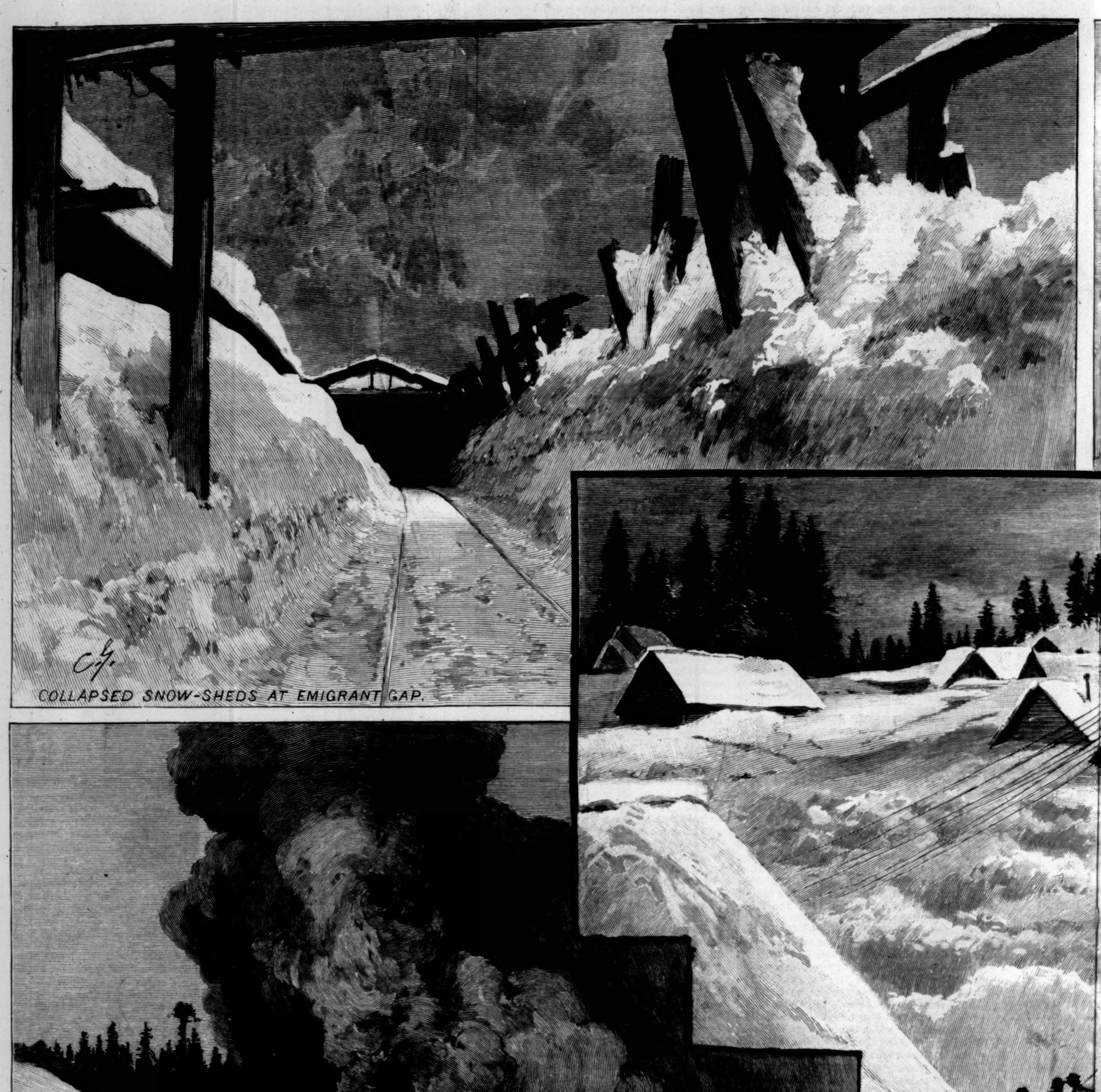
The result of the late municipal contest was not a surprise. In the Territorial election last August the Mormon or People's party polled in Salt Lake City forty-one less votes than their opponents. A similar drift has been manifest in other parts of Utah most in communication with the outside world. The town of Provo, forty-two miles south of Salt Lake City, was also carried by the Gentiles the other day; and in Ogden last year they won by a majority of 434. Though Mormons are still greatly in the majority in the Territory at large, the recent events have established a confidence, hitherto lacking in many quarters, that the way to the solution of the vexed problem is in sight. The victors at Salt Lake, who have waited long and worked hard for their triumph, are in a state of heart-felt jubilation. They predict that there will be an immediate and marked increase in the flow of immigration and capital to the Territory, that an impetus will be given to mining and other enterprises of all kinds, and that every step of this new growth will be but an additional nail in the Mormon coffin. A speedy admission of Utah to the Union as a State is also prophesied by some; but cooler heads prefer the safer course of waiting until the situation is more secure.

In 1889 the Gentile and Mormon votes in the general Territorial election were respectively, in round numbers, 6500 and 14,000, from which it would appear that it will be some little time before the Gentiles will be altogether out of the woods. In the Salt Lake City election the political lines could not be drawn in any degree with reference to national issues. When questions of Republicanism and Democracy become involved, the situation in Utah promises to become somewhat complicated.

A well-informed correspondent of the New York *Times* gives the following figures to illustrate the growth of the Liberal party in the Territory, as measured by the vote for Delegate to Congress in the years named:

Years.	*Candidates.*	*Gentiles.*	*Mormons.*
1870	George R. Maxwell	1,469	21,656
1872	George R. Maxwell	1,93[illegible]	21,970
1874	Robert N. Baskin	4,598	24,864
1876	Robert N. Baskin	3,833	20,850
1878	No candidate	57	14,402
1880	Allen G. Campbell	1,357	18,567
1882	P. T. Van Zile	4,908	23,239
1884	Rainsford Smith	2,215	21,130
1886	William M. Ferry	2,810	19,605
1888	R. N. Baskin	3,484	10,000

The names given are those of the Gentile candidates.



COLLAPSED SNOW-SHEDS AT EMIGRANT GAP.

PLOUGHING OUT MAIN TRACK NEAR SUMMIT.

GENERAL VIEW

THE SIERRA NEVADA SNOW BLOCKADE.—Dra

THE OUTFIT TRAIN AT BLUE CAÑON.

OF BLUE CAÑON.

DEEP CUT NEAR SUMMIT.

WN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 146.]

GEORGE JONES, OF THE "TIMES."

George Jones, the proprietor of *The New York Times*, now in his seventy-seventh year, comes daily to his office in the *Times* Building, and spends three or four hours personally superintending the interests of his property. Mr. Jones is one of the oldest newspaper proprietors in this country, and his connection of nearly forty years with *The New York Times*, a period that covers the entire existence of that paper, has stored his memory with countless interesting reminiscences of men who have been leaders in the public life of their times. Mr. Jones was born in the little village of Poultney, Vt., where his father had settled on coming to America from Wales. It was in this village that Mr. Jones first met Horace Greeley, and where as boys they formed a mutual friendship, which lasted for nearly half a century. At that time the two lads were in the employ of the same man, Amos Bliss, who owned a general country store and a country newspaper, the *Vermont Spectator*. Mr. Jones was employed as clerk and errand-boy in the former, and Greeley was a printer's apprentice in the composing-room of the latter. Mr. Jones vividly remembers one incident of this early period of his acquaintance with Greeley. The father of Mr. Jones was a strict Baptist, and one of his inexorable commands was that his children should attend church on Sunday. One fine Sunday, Greeley, who was some years the senior of George Jones, persuaded the latter to go over the hills with him on what he called a "loafing expedition." When young Jones returned home he was confronted by his father, who asked why he had not attended church.

"I have been over the hills with Greeley studying nature," replied the boy.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the father; "well, then, come into the wood-shed and we will have another lesson in the study of nature." This lesson was administered with unsparing severity, and the truant found it vastly different from and not nearly so pleasant as that which he had studied with Horace Greeley. Mr. Jones's father and mother died when he was thirteen years of age, and he was thrown on his own resources. He worked at whatever promised an honorable livelihood, and finally, in 1833, he came to New York, where he encountered again the friend of his early youth, Horace Greeley. Greeley had meantime been drifting here and there earning a living as a printer. The first job that he got in New York city, as he told his friend Jones, was to set a miniature Bible in pearl type, for which he received six dollars per week. At the time these two men resumed their intimate friendship Greeley had so far advanced in the world as to be the editor and proprietor of the *New-Yorker*, a weekly publication devoted to news and literature. The weak point in this enterprise, as Mr. Jones pointed out to Greeley, was that the subscribers were trusted, and as many of them did not pay their subscriptions, the *New-Yorker* had a precarious existence. In the Presidential campaign of 1840, which resulted in the election of William Henry Harrison, Greeley started the *Jeffersonian*, which he edited in Albany. He still retained the *New-Yorker*, however, and divided his time equally between the two papers and the two cities. Mr. Jones had been watching both these enterprises and their management, and therefore when Horace Greeley started the New York *Tribune* in 1841, and proposed to Mr. Jones to go into that enterprise with him, Mr. Jones declined because he did not like Greeley's business methods. Mr. Greeley, as the sole owner of the *Tribune*, had, of course, the right to do what he pleased with its revenues, and it was his habit to take the money accruing from the publication of the *Tribune* and pay off *New-Yorker* obligations with it. The *Tribune* till was always at the command, through its editor, of a creditor of the *New-Yorker*. Nevertheless, Mr. Jones went into the business office of the New York *Tribune*, and while there he met and became intimately acquainted with Henry J. Raymond, who was Horace Greeley's assistant. These two men did all the editorial work of the daily *Tribune*, and Raymond was a reporter as well as an editorial writer. Mr. Jones recalls that both these men were tremendous workers, but Raymond was a marvel. There was never such another man, in Mr. Jones's opinion, and from their first meeting Henry J. Raymond commanded his warmest admiration and esteem.

While on the *Tribune* Raymond reported the scientific lecture of Dr. Lardner with such accuracy that it practically caused a revolution in the system of procuring and presenting news. This was before short-hand reporting was practised, and the idea of a morning paper laying before its readers a lecture which had been delivered the night before was startling. The other papers were quick to imitate the *Tribune's* example, however, and when Sir Charles Lyell subsequently came to New York to lecture on geology, each daily paper announced that it would have a report of the lecture the following morning. They had their men in attendance when the lecturer began, but when they encountered the scientific and technical terms the other reporters dropped out one by one, unequal to the task, and left Raymond in complete possession of the field. The consequence was that the *Tribune* was the only paper having a report of the lecture. Mr. Raymond was a man of so many attainments and of such mental resource that he was equal to any task of editorial writing or reporting. Mr. Jones observed all this, and therefore was not inattentive when Raymond spoke enthusiastically of starting a paper of his own, with Mr. Jones as partner and business manager. Nothing definite came of this suggestion at the time, and Mr. Jones having purchased a news agency in Albany, removed to that city, and, as his business grew, gradually drifted away from all connection with the *Tribune*. He might never have come into business contact with Henry J. Raymond again had it not been for a singular circumstance. Raymond entered Horace Greeley's employ at a salary of eight dollars per week. This compensation was gradually increased until it reached the munificent sum of fifteen dollars. When Raymond was receiving the latter salary he was stricken down with typhoid fever induced by exposure to wet and cold while engaged in his duties as a reporter. He was confined to his bed for eight weeks. When he recovered sufficiently to visit the *Tribune* office he went to the cashier and asked for some money. He was informed that his salary had stopped on the day he was taken ill. This so incensed Raymond that he declared he should seek employment elsewhere. The circumstance made such an impression on his mind that when he started the *Times* he made it a rule of the paper that the salary of every employé should be continued throughout any term of illness. Mr. Jones fully indorsed this plan, and it is still the practice in the office of the *Times* to continue salaries during sickness, no matter how prolonged.

After leaving the *Tribune* Mr. Raymond entered public life, and being elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and subsequently Speaker of the Assembly, he was brought to Albany in the discharge of his official duties. There he came more closely in contact with his friend Jones, with whom he had corresponded at intervals ever since the latter had left the *Tribune*. Mr. Jones had prospered in his news agency to such an extent that he had branched out into the banking business. He operated under the system of free banks, whose notes were cared for by the Safety Fund banks. At the time Mr. Raymond was Speaker of the Assembly a bill was introduced into the Legislature to cut down the discount on bank-notes, and to otherwise impair the profits of the free banks. Mr. Jones had three such banks at that time, and he went to see his friend Raymond, the Speaker of the Assembly.

"If this bill goes through," said Mr. Jones, "my business will be ruined."

"What will you do in that case?" asked Mr. Raymond.

"I do not know" said the banker.

"Will you start that paper with me?" was the next question.

"Perhaps."

"Then I'll see that the bill passes!" exclaimed the Speaker.

The bill was passed. Mr. Jones gave up his banking business, and shortly thereafter negotiations were entered into between Messrs. Raymond and Jones for the establishment of a New York daily newspaper. Mr. Jones had seen his old friend Horace Greeley start the *Tribune* with but little more capital than $1000 borrowed from Dudley Gregory, and he was not averse to trying the field of journalism, in which he had already had some practical experience. A partnership was finally formed between these gentlemen and Mr. Edward B. Wesley, and on September 18, 1851, the first number of *The New York Times* was issued. It was a four-page paper, and the price was fixed at one cent per copy. In the first year the circulation reached 26,000, but the expenditures were greater than the receipts. In the second year of the *Times'* existence the price was raised to two cents, and the circulation dropped to 18,000; but before the second year ended it had crawled back to 26,000, and the future of the paper was assured. Mr. Jones recalls an estimate made by Mr. Raymond before the paper was started as to the probable cost of running the *Times* for six months. The sum total was between $11,000 and $12,000, and among the items the cost of the Washington correspondence was placed at $10 per week, and the allowance for the entire foreign correspondence was $500 per year. In 1860 Mr. Wesley retired from the partnership of Raymond, Jones, & Co., and Messrs. Raymond and Jones subsequently had control of the paper until Mr. Raymond's death in 1869.

Mr. Jones always refers to Mr. Raymond as the most lovable as well as the most brilliant of men. In the eighteen years of their business relations they never had a difference or the slightest ill feeling of any kind. Concerning Mr. Raymond's great capacity for work, Mr. Jones relates an instance that is almost phenomenal. When Daniel Webster died, the news first came to the *Times* through its business office. It was on Sunday morning, and Mr. Jones at once started out to find Mr. Raymond. The latter was overtaken on his way to church, and came immediately to the office. He lost no time, but, sitting at his desk, he wrote incessantly from 11 o'clock A.M. Sunday to 2 o'clock A.M. Monday, and turned out with his own pen an obituary sketch of Webster filling sixteen columns of the *Times*, printed in solid nonpareil type. It was his habit in writing never to revise anything he wrote. Page after page of copy would go into the printers' hands without interlineation or correction of any kind. So admirable was his story of Daniel Webster's career that the Appletons took the matter and, with but little change, published it as a life of Webster. Mr. Jones recalls Mr. Raymond as a man of marked aptitude for public life. He was a brilliant orator, and could speak on almost any subject at a moment's notice. When the *Times* was started, Mr. Jones exacted a promise from Raymond to give up political life and to devote himself to the interests of the paper. But subsequently such pressure came that Mr. Jones released Mr. Raymond from the promise. This was at the beginning of the latter's Congressional career. Even then Mr. Jones argued that Raymond was a greater man as the editor of the *Times* than as a member of Congress. Afterward, when he had encountered the enmities and jealousies of political life, when he had been misunderstood and had found it impossible to be a partisan in any sense, he concluded that it was better to confine himself to the editorship of his paper, and he did so. He was a man who could not help considering every side of every question that was presented to his mind. He was both judicial and conscientious, and at the close of his last term in Congress he wrote to Mr. Jones, who was then in Germany, as follows: "Your long-cherished desire is at last attained. I am out of public life, and propose to devote all my energies to the conduct of the paper."

Mr. Raymond always dreaded that some evil would befall him in his fiftieth year. He could never explain the fear, but he had a premonition that he would never see the end of his fiftieth year. He died at the age of forty-nine years and five months. The last piece of copy Mr. Raymond wrote was an editorial paragraph in defence of W. H. Seward against an attack made by the New York *Sun*. It was written on a little slip of yellow paper, and was kept by Mr. Jones as a memento. At that time Mr. Seward was in Mexico. When he returned, Mr. Jones called on him and showed him the paper. The statesman was deeply moved, for he had admired Raymond for his brilliancy, and had appreciated his personal loyalty. He took the little piece of yellow paper, and folding it reverently, placed it in his pocket-book.

"Do not expect me to give this piece of paper back to you," said Mr. Seward, "for I cannot do it. I must keep it."

At the time Mr. Raymond died, Mr. Jones was ill in bed. Horace Greeley called on the sick man and asked him what he proposed to do with the *Times* now that Mr. Raymond was dead. Mr. Jones replied that he proposed to continue the publication of his paper. Mr. Greeley intimated that he was in a position to purchase the *Times*, but Mr. Jones cut him short by saying:

"I shall never sell the *Times* as long as I am on the top of the ground, and I don't want to hear anything more about it."

Mr. Greeley was not at all pleased with this reply, and some time afterward, when the *Tribune* was attacking the *Times* in a manner that Mr. Jones did not like, and the latter had written his old friend a note saying that the writer was certain that Mr. Greeley would not bear false witness against his neighbor, and therefore some one else must be the author of the attacks, Mr. Greeley replied briefly and characteristically:

"If you take care of your newspaper I'll try and take care of mine."

But in spite of this brusque reply Mr. Greeley and Mr. Jones were fast friends until the former ran for President. Then the opposite policies of their papers drifted them apart. Nevertheless, there is no one who occupies a more prominent place in Mr. Jones's memory, or of whom he relates more anecdotes. Furthermore, there is now no living man who knew Horace Greeley so long and so well. When Mr. Jones lived in Albany, Mr. Greeley always made the Jones household his home while there, and never hesitated to express his hopes and his ambitions. From his boyhood Horace Greeley was ambitious. He wanted the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor which was given to Raymond, and he envied the prominence attained by Seward and Weed. He once said to Mr. Jones:

"People are always quoting what Seward says or what Weed says. The day will come when they will quote what Greeley says."

This was before Greeley had attained prominence, and the prophecy was the result of a conviction that he possessed the powers to make his promise good. Mr. Jones remembers the founder of the *Tribune* as a man who was always reckless with his money. He would lend it right and left without regard to the character of the borrower. Mr. Jones often lectured his friend on these indiscretions, and besought him to lend his money to honest and decent men if he must lend it.

"Why, these men to whom you lend your money," said Mr. Jones, in expostulation, "could not borrow a cent from anybody else."

"That's just the reason I lend to them," was Greeley's quick reply.

It was a common thing for Mr. Greeley, in spite of Mr. Jones's warnings, to endorse the note of almost any man who would ask him. The giver of the note would commonly fail to meet his obligation, and the debt would then fall on Greeley. The latter would swear dreadfully for a time and then pay it. It was a point of honor with him to discharge every obligation of this kind that he had assumed. In order to meet these and other debts, he was compelled from time to time to sell shares of his *Tribune* stock. He originally held sixty shares of this stock, but his possession gradually dwindled to six. Whenever he was confronted with such an obligation he would say that he would have to sell another "nigger"—the term he used to denote a share of *Tribune* stock.

When Mr. Greeley lived at Chappaqua he wrote his celebrated book on farming, and insisted that his friend Jones should purchase a farm adjacent to his own. When he had ceased picturing the delights and advantages of such a residence, Mr. Jones asked him what he had raised that year.

"Well," said Mr. Greeley, "I had a good crop of hay."

"That is encouraging," said Mr. Jones. "I suppose you realized a profit from it?"

"Not a great profit," was the answer. "You see, I had the hay cured and got it into the barn all right before the rain came, but that did not save it."

"How was that?"

"There wasn't any roof on the barn!"

When Greeley broke with Seward and Weed, Mr. Jones told him that he would probably get the worst of the quarrel, but Greeley replied that he had not wintered and summered with them twenty years for nothing.

"And yet," said he, "I feel very much as the drover did who took a drove of hogs a long way, and disposing of them at a loss, was asked what he got out of the enterprise. He replied, 'I had the company of the hogs!'"

Of the many events that have occurred in the history of the *Times*, Mr. Jones recalls none more vividly than that of the exposure of the Tweed frauds. While James O'Brien was Sheriff of New York County he got a place in the Controller's office for a *protégé* of his named Copeland. This man had charge of the city and county ledgers. He saw enormous sums of money passing through the department, and suspecting that something was wrong, he made a transcript of the figures and showed them to O'Brien. O'Brien had no love for Tweed at this time, and he took the figures, with all his evidence, to a New York daily newspaper for publication. The paper examined the matter and returned it. Then O'Brien brought his figures and his other evidences of fraud to Mr. Jones. The *Times* decided to publish the figures and make a full exposure of the ring's stealings. When this determination was communicated to O'Brien he took away the papers, but brought them back in a few weeks, and told Mr. Jones to go ahead with the publication. O'Brien never made any condition as to the publication, nor did he ask for any compensation for furnishing the proofs of the Tweed frauds. By some means unknown to Mr. Jones, Tweed learned that the proofs of his guilt were in the hands of the *Times*. He sent a man to Mr. Jones and offered to buy the paper at any valuation that might be put on it. This offer was made in cash, to be paid at once. Mr. Jones replied that he did not propose to sell his paper at any price. Then Tweed's emissary informed him that he could accept or do worse. This conversation occurred in Mr. Jones's office in the *Times* Building. Shortly thereafter a lawyer who was a tenant in the same building sent for Mr. Jones to come to his office, as he wished to see him on an important matter. Thinking that the business pertained to the building, Mr. Jones went to the lawyer's office, and being ushered into a private room, was confronted by Richard B. Connolly, the Controller, and Tweed's partner in crime.

"I don't want to see this man," said Mr. Jones, and he turned to go out of the place.

"For God's sake!" exclaimed Connolly, "let me say one word to you." At this appeal Mr. Jones stopped. Connolly then made him a proposition to forego the publication of the documents he had in his possession, and offered him an enormous sum of money to do this. The amount of this offer was $5,000,000! As Connolly waited for the answer, Mr. Jones said:

"I don't think the devil will ever make a higher bid for me than that."

Connolly then began to plead, and drew a graphic picture of what one could do with $5,000,000. He concluded by saying:

"Why, with that sum you can go to Europe and live like a prince."

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "but I should know that I was a rascal. I cannot consider your offer or any offer not to publish the facts in my possession."

A few days thereafter the proofs of the frauds came out in the *Times*, and were flashed to the four quarters of the globe.

Mr. Jones was always on friendly terms with the elder Bennett, and declares that the founder of the *Herald* was a better and more genial man than he got credit for. The friendship between Mr. Bennett and Mr. Jones began when the latter conducted the news agency in Albany, and it was never severed until Mr. Bennett died. When the *Times* was started, Mr. Bennett attacked Mr. Raymond and Mr. Wesley savagely, but never attacked Mr. Jones. One day Mr. Jones and Mr. Bennett met accidentally, and the former said:

"How is it, Mr. Bennett, that you pay so many compliments to my associates and always slight me?"

"You and I were old friends," replied Mr. Bennett, "and you shall never see a word against you in the *Herald*."

Notwithstanding Mr. Bennett's early antipathy to Mr. Raymond, the two editors afterward adjusted their difficulties, and became such friends that Mr. Bennett had both Mr. Raymond and Mr. Jones as guests on his yacht, the *Henrietta*, when the only other present was James Gordon Bennett, Jun. When Mr. Raymond died, Mr. Bennett said to Mr. Jones:

"He was an able man—an able man. If he had kept out of politics he would have made the *Times* the leading paper, and would have made hard sledding for the *Herald*."

But of all the men Mr. Jones has known in his long life, Henry J. Raymond is, in his opinion, incomparable. Brilliant in mind, honest in heart, courteous in manner, he was always considerate for the lowly and helpful to the unfortunate. Like Greeley, he was reckless with money, and the deeds of the right hand of his charity were never known to the left. Once he came into the office smiling, and when Mr. Jones asked him what pleased him so much, he told the story of how several months before a convict had come to him from Sing Sing and had asked for assistance, stating that, although he was a good mechanic and willing to work, the knowledge of his crime barred every door to employment, notwithstanding the fact that he had paid the penalty and had a letter of commendation from the warden of the prison. Mr. Raymond had helped the man, and that afternoon the fellow had returned the money lent him, and had given evidence that he had steady employment in an honorable place. In concluding this story to Mr. Jones, Mr. Raymond said:

"You have often reproved me for throwing away my money on worthless people, but I have now charged up all my bad investments against this good one."

RECENT ASPECT OF BROADWAY AT CITY HALL PARK.

STREET OBSTRUCTIONS IN NEW YORK.

An indisposition on the part of the public to assert and protect a certain class of its rights has become an acknowledged feature in American cities as compared with those of Europe, and in none perhaps is this more strongly marked than in New York. A contemplation of the patient and long-suffering crowds that morning and evening are jammed into the elevated trains and street cars of the metropolis, and who apparently accept with meekness the strap-hanging and aisle- and platform-filling situation as a permanent condition, supplies a ready illustration of the fact. Incivilities from ticket-sellers and other corporation employés whose business it is to serve the public are borne with as they would be in no other civilized country.

Especially is indifference to and disregard for the rights of the community at large manifested in the unwarranted obstruction of the streets. The abuse takes many forms. It includes the appropriation of parts of the highway to private uses, the practice of regarding it as a refuse receptacle, and the failure of the authorities to properly pave and otherwise care for it. The prevailing gas, water, sewerage, electric subway, and steam-heating systems involve a tearing up of the roadway which at best interferes greatly with traffic; but where the excavating and refilling are carried on in a slovenly and reckless way the evil is immeasurably increased. The multiplying subterranean uses to which the streets of a modern city are put call for a thorough method of treatment, whereby the present frequent and obstructing breaking up of the surface shall be avoided. Perhaps nothing less than connecting series of roomy tunnels will solve the problem. The urgency of remedying the existing state of affairs has been emphasized in a marked way by the condition of lower Broadway for several months past. Street cars between South Ferry and the Post-office have much of the time been useless to any one having business on hand. As a rule, walking has been the speedier mode of covering the distance. The pavement has been in a continual process of irruption, and a goodly share of the much-needed highway closed. But even under the barbarous plan of permitting the managers of each underground system to dig their own independent trenches, there is room for great improvement—a fact that is sufficiently demonstrated in London, where the contracting constructor of the pavement attends to its breaks and repairs under bonds, the cost being paid by the proper party.

Obstructions that are trivial elsewhere are of importance in crowded streets. A bad or rough road-bed hinders traffic materially. Over a smooth one the stream flows easily and more rapidly, and the capacity for service is increased. It is estimated that the effective draught power of horses is some forty per cent. greater on good asphalt than it is on the Belgian blocks so much used in New York. The latter, of course, are very much better than the unspeakable cobblestones that still afflict certain parts of the city. The unnecessary wear and tear of vehicles and the waste of horse-power due to the inferior pavements of the metropolis cost enough to pay in a very short time for placing the latter in a condition equal to that of the streets in London and Paris. The raised car rail in common use in our thoroughfares is an abomination that would not be tolerated on the other side of the Atlantic. In the narrow down-town streets it is responsible for a considerable share of the "jams," and the pecuniary loss that is incurred by the constantly recurring delays involved. Wagons that might otherwise pass each other in the small available space are prevented through the sliding of their wheels along the iron ridge, and long lines of them are stopped indefinitely in consequence. In all parts of the city this rail remains a perennial wrecker of wheels and axles. It is the bane of carriages and cabs and the dread and discomfort of their occupants, and all because the public permits the railroad companies to impose upon it. A partial improvement in the shape of a compromise rail is slowly being instituted, but it will be some years before even this grudgingly granted amelioration is effected. The result will fall short of being satisfactory, in view of the fact that still better rails, which offer practically no obstacle or injury to traffic, are in vogue in other great cities of the world.

The encroachments of builders upon the highways form a notable class of obstructions. The legal restrictions are very generally disregarded, except in the busiest parts of the city. The law permits the use of one-third of the street in front of the lot upon which the structure is being erected, proper provision being made for the safe passage of pedestrians on the sidewalk. The rule of the builder appears to be to take at least half the street, and the frontage of as many adjacent lots as suit his convenience. He, moreover, usually prefers to have his sand piles more or less tracked and distributed by passing wheels to properly shoring them up for his own and the general benefit. The sidewalk requisition is often ignored altogether. In the crowded business centre, where a similar contempt for the rights of the community obviously cannot be tolerated, the situation is more as it should be, and demonstrates the feasibility of bettering matters in the other districts if the authorities are so disposed. The truckman who takes the trouble to protest against a brick pile abutting on or beyond the middle of the street, or the pedestrian who complains in proper quarters of the splashings of mortar beds, is rare, and as there is an absence of official action the general imposition assumes large proportions.

The storage in the highways of trucks, carts, delivery and peddlers' wagons, when not in use, constitutes another and serious form of obstruction. It is estimated that there are no less than eighty thousand vehicles of various descriptions standing nightly in the thoroughfares of the metropolis, and a large percentage of them throughout the day also. The plea for this occupation of public property for private uses is that the owners or users of the wagons cannot well afford to otherwise care for them. The law is lenient with respect to the usage. Owners can legally store their wagons in front of their own premises, or in front of other premises with permission of the occupier, provided that two or more vehicles are not placed side by side, and that the authorities—who may use their discretion in the matter—do not see fit to interfere. In the poorer districts the aldermen are on the side of the wagon men, and interference with the objectionable custom is not often ventured upon. During his recent term of office Mayor Hewitt made a determined move to stop the practice. But notwithstanding his vigorous will the force of circumstances was too strong for him, and the effort proved futile. The necessity for keeping the highway clear must be of a specially direct and imperative character to secure official action. The objections to thus encumbering the thoroughfares are grave and marked. In some streets the curbs on both sides are literally lined with vehicles for blocks. They materially limit the capacity of the roadways, which are none too wide, and in cases of fire cannot help being hinderances and productive of expensive delays. Where they prevail, the street-cleaning machines are rendered useless. Coverts are supplied by them for dirt and rubbish which collect under them. Not infrequently they are lairs of crime and shelters for vagrants. However preposterous the proposition that the streets are maintained to be choked up in this way to save private individuals stable-room, the meek New York public quietly endures the abuse with all the inconvenience, additional fire risk, dirt, and other considerations involved.

The elevated railway company also appropriates space in the public highways which has not been granted it, by the simple process of taking it. It habitually stores large numbers of its cars on a third track in the streets through which its structure is built. The privilege of constructing occasional switches, such as may be really necessary for the operating of the road, has been stretched, especially in the case of Third Avenue, until the result is an unauthorized new track throughout much of the entire line. This third track darkens the street, and when occupied with unused cars that should be stored on the company's own property, obscures the view more or less to the discomfort of the residents affected. But the situation is accepted with characteristic American submissiveness. The posts of the elevated roads, which are planted directly in the roadways, are obstructions that perhaps, under the circumstances, are unavoidable. Still they limit the capacity of the street below, and more than one death has ensued by passengers of the surface cars heedlessly jumping against them in alighting.

The obstructions on the sidewalks are more numerous, if less serious, than those of the roadway. Those resulting from building operations have already been alluded to. The most marked are the appropriations for private business purposes. The stores and warehouses of the city are rarely supplied with courts or rear facilities for the delivery and shipping of goods. Public rights in the sidewalk have been practically ignored in the local commercial architecture. Either the wagons to unload or receive merchandise are backed directly up to the front doors of the warehouses, as is generally the case in South, Front, Water, and a number of other streets, or the boxes of wares occupy the greater part of the space between the curb and the building. In the wholesale grocery and dry-goods regions the sidewalks are mainly added rent free to the available business area of the abutting establishments. The plea of the offenders is that it would be impossible for them to do business otherwise. Owing to the faulty construction of the buildings there is much truth in what they say, but efforts to reduce the evil to a minimum are wofully lacking. The usurpation of the sidewalks by the retail men is of a widely varied character. There are instances to be found where a cellar only is rented by the dealer, and the street at its door utilized for exhibition and sale purposes. Grocers, fruiterers, cheap clothing and furniture men usually extend their wares far out on the public domain, and dealers of all classes put forth signs, portable show cases, or what not, with little or no regard for the ordinances regulating such practices. It is illegal to place signs or goods at a greater distance than twelve inches from the building line. Awnings must be "eight feet six inches high and no more" at the curb, and no "part of any cloth or canvas used as an awning shall hang loosely down from the same" under penalties. There are hundreds of awnings in the city which a man of medium size with a high hat cannot pass under without stooping. Petitions for the privilege of establishing booths and stands for the sale of small wares, refreshments, etc., have resulted in the issue of innumerable permits to that end, generally at the behest of men having influence to dispose of in return for votes. The chairs of the boot-blacking fraternity, in the aggregate, occupy a very considerable amount of out-door space. In some instances these booths and stands do not appreciably obstruct the highway, but in many cases they do, and as the effort of their proprietors is to place them where the greatest number of people pass, there is a constant tendency for them to accumulate precisely where they are the most objectionable. The venders who have no booths or stands, but carry their wares in baskets or suspended from their necks and arms, are obstacles to the currents of humanity that flow through the busy streets. The swinging of shoe-strings and other pendants in the faces of pedestrians and the solicitations to purchase are annoying, but the worst of this class of nuisances is the oratorical salesman of some catch-penny trinket or nostrum, who gathers a crowd about him which dams and delays the stream of people who have business of some importance to attend to.

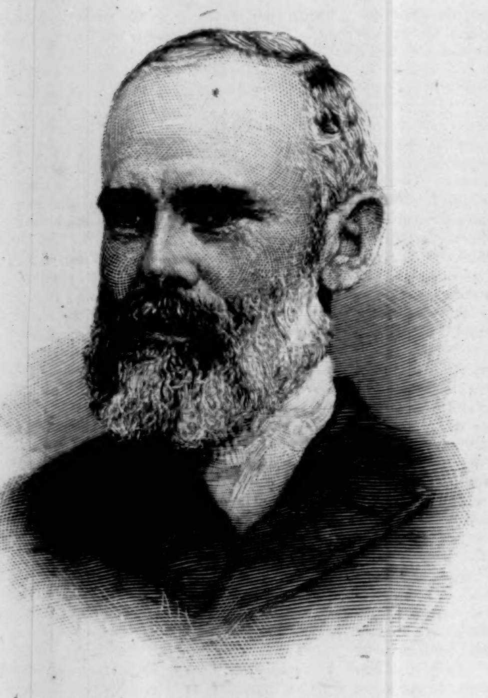
The long-continued but languid and ineffective efforts to remove the obstructions created by the telegraph and electric-light systems have recently been stimulated into something like vigor by the killing of an uncomfortable number of people by electricity. Even after the dangerous features of the situation had been tragically demonstrated by repeated loss of life, the electric-light companies, consideration of the public safety notwithstanding, insisted upon keeping their deadly wires in the highway; and it was not until the Supreme Court of the State came to the rescue that the authorities could successfully assert their right to control the public property as against the companies. A telegraph pole eighteen inches or more in diameter, on a narrow sidewalk in a busy street, like Nassau or William, is an obstacle of some moment. It is a disfigurement besides, and its burden of wires, which in some cases number over a hundred, obstructs the space before the upper stories of buildings, and at critical times embarrasses firemen in their operations. Though it remains to be satisfactorily shown that the present subway system will serve all the purposes for which it was intended, a start has been made in the desired direction, and there is a prospect that the class of obstructions in question will be almost wholly removed before very long.

Another unpleasant occupier of the sidewalk is the ash and garbage barrel or box. In the better parts of the city this institution is kept in a reasonable state of subjection, and gives the pedestrian small cause for complaint save when its contents are in process of being dumped into a cart, and powdery portions thereof, wafted by the breezes, whiten his garments and get into his eyes. But in the poorer and tenement districts it is ever numerously present. Often it is overflowing at the top or broken out at the sides, and the pavement is littered accordingly. Frequently the dwellers in these regions dispense with the form of throwing their refuse into barrels or boxes, and scatter it broadcast in the thoroughfare, where it remains for an indefinite period. Given this practice, trains of standing wagons at either curb, a snowy winter, and many of the city's side streets become practically impassable by the early spring. The idea that the highway is a proper place to throw refuse appears to be so deeply seated with a large part of the population as to be instinctive. Many proprietors and residents sweep out their shops and halls directly into the streets, and the passer-by is sometimes called upon either to dodge a broom load that is shot from a doorway, or receive it on his boots and trousers. The house-maid may not infrequently be seen shaking a rug out of an upstairs window, in serene unconsciousness of the fact that the highway is intended for people to walk in and for purposes of communication generally. It is scarcely necessary to say that there are laws in plenty against these offences. The fact that they have not been enforced has supplied the Street Cleaning Department with a ready explanation for part of its apparent remissness. It alleges lack of co-operation on the part of the Police, the Health, and the Board of Public Works bureaus. Certainly bad pavements, the constant tearing up of the surface, the out-door storage of wagons, the slovenliness of builders, and the throwing of refuse into the streets greatly add to the difficulty of keeping them clean.

The tides of city humanity meet with another class of obstacles caused by thoughtless individual conduct. The motives of the stout and presumably good-hearted old lady who keeps an impatient crowd waiting at the ticket office of the elevated road, bridge, or ferry while she is engaged in searching for the ever-elusive female pocket, deciding upon an appropriate coin, or counting her change, are not to be impugned; but she is a trying obstruction nevertheless. And there is in some unfortunately constituted individuals a natural perversity which seems to make them believe that they gain something by needlessly standing in the way of others. The understanding and appreciation of the value of the ethics of the thoroughfare have much room to grow in New York, with respect to both public and individual action. The desired improvement involves both a diminution in the usurpations of the selfish and inconsiderate, and the increase, on the part of the citizen, of the disposition to resist infractions on his rights as a member of the public. It moreover involves a growing determination that public officials shall do their duty, and that the advances of modern civilization as manifested in the streets of other great cities of the world shall be profited by in the American metropolis. Amos W. Wright.

THE NEW HARVARD GATES.

The new Harvard gates, of which we give a picture on another page, were completed in December last, just before Christmas. They are built so as to practically close the end of the quadrangle between Harvard and Massachusetts halls—two of the oldest buildings of the college. Formerly a plain rail-fence terminated here in two rough-hewn granite posts of Quincy stone, gray and cold-looking, between which swung an insignificant cast-iron gate; on class day a high board fence was built between the two old halls to exclude strangers. The present gates are the gift of the late Samuel Johnston, of Chicago, a member of the class of 1855, who desired that the approach to the college grounds should be made more dignified and impressive. He accordingly bequeathed $10,000 for a gateway, the building of which was, after a delay of some two years, intrusted to the architects Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White. The result of their labors has been to secure a design in perfect harmony with the venerable and dignified character of its surroundings. The buildings and gates are both in the style of the architecture of the Georgian period; and in the brick posts and walls of the gates the same mode of bricklaying is pursued as in the adjoining buildings, and even the color and texture of the older erections are obtained by a careful selection of brick from the Boston yards, so laid as to give an alternating effect of buff and black, and which, contrasted with the coping and massive caps of the posts, surmounted by huge round spheres, also the carved panels of Yorkshire sandstone, gives an impression at once of warmth and of age. The central gate posts are about six feet square and nineteen feet high. They bear on carved panels of Yorkshire stone, with fitting inscriptions, the seals of Harvard College, Massachusetts, and the city of Cambridge, the fourth being reserved to the donor of the gates, and bearing an appropriate memorial inscription. On the college side of the walls, to right and left of the gate posts, are two niches, crowned by sea-shells cut in Yorkshire stone, in one of which is a fountain springing from a small satyr's head, carved in bronze, set in the wall. The foundation of the entire structure is of the Conway granite of yellow tone, and of this stone is also cut the seat to the right of the entrance, another exactly like it on the other side of the inner wall, and the basin for the fountain. To right and left of the entrance are panels of Yorkshire stone sunk in the walls, the arc of one of which bears a quaint inscription taken from the first records of the college, and the other tells, with a certain pathetic simplicity, why those first pioneers stinted their household necessities to satisfy a spiritual one they considered the nearest of all. They little thought how their primitive "schoole" would burst the modest limits they had planned for it! By far the most elaborate feature of the whole design, however, is (very properly too) the gates themselves and the canopy above them, which form the centre of construction. These, like the forged iron fence and the smaller lanterned gates at either side, are of the finest and most



MR. GEORGE M. SCOTT, THE FIRST GENTILE MAYOR OF SALT LAKE CITY.—FROM A PHOTO. BY BOGARDUS.—[SEE PAGE 139.]

artistic workmanship, even the long bars of the fence being each one hand-wrought of hammered metal, as well as the smallest flower or scroll in the canopy, thus giving a delicacy and refinement to the iron-work such as has never before been attained in this country. For the successful execution of this feature of the design John Williams's foundry of New York deserves the credit. Taken as a whole, the gates are not only beautiful in themselves, but, as the solution of a difficult problem—how to build a structure in harmony with surroundings which time and association have made almost sacred—they are a triumph of good taste and intelligent conception.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH.

IN selecting Mr. Charles Emory Smith, editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, to be Minister to Russia, the President has conferred a long-deserved honor upon one of the most conspicuous citizens of Pennsylvania. Mr. Smith is noted quite as much for his ability and sagacity as a journalist and man of affairs as for his prominence as a member of the Republican party. In either capacity his record has been admirable. As a journalist Mr. Smith has achieved for himself, and for the paper which he now controls, one of the most brilliant successes of modern journalism. It is in respect of this, rather than for his upright and consistent course in politics, that Mr. Smith deserves the honor bestowed upon him.

To persons at all familiar with the history of Philadelphia journalism, the work of Mr. Smith during the past ten years has been worthy of the highest commendation. When Mr. Smith removed to Philadelphia in March, 1880, the *Press*, of which he became editor and part proprietor, was in a sad state generally. Its fortunes were at a low ebb, while its rivals, the *Ledger*, the *Times*, and the *Record*, were riotously prosperous. Even the most casual observers soon saw, however, that the young man who had so rashly ventured in upon Philadelphia conservatism knew his business. The *Press* began to get the news and plenty of it, which must have surprised even the proof press in the composing-room beyond measure. Colonel McClure's *Times* no longer had a close monopoly of interesting Sunday papers, nor did the rivalry diminish during the other days of the week. Mr. Smith engaged in no quarrels with his neighbors, but contented himself with crowding his paper so full of news seven mornings a week that people had to buy it whether they agreed with it politically or not. As a newspaper's success is almost invariably proportionate to the quality and quantity of news that it contains, Mr. Smith's policy had its reward. The *Press* grew in prosperity and influence year by year, until to-day it ranks with the best in the country.

Although he has always been a sincere Republican in political matters, Mr. Smith has never gone to extremes in partisan service, but has followed a middle course that has gained for him and for his paper the respect and confidence of the best elements of all parties. His utterances on political questions have been independent rather than partisan, with always a strong touch of sincerity that showed the earnestness of purpose behind them.

For the work which he has done in Philadelphia Mr. Smith had an excellent training in the city of Albany, New York, where he had been prominently engaged in journalistic work for fifteen years. During the ten years prior to his removal to Philadelphia he had been connected with the Albany *Journal*, first as an associate with Mr. George Dawson, and then as editor, after Mr. Dawson's retirement. Before that time he had been for five years editor of the Albany *Express*. For several months in 1868, while editor of the *Express*, he undertook, in addition, the duties of private secretary to Governor Reuben E. Fenton. Mr. Smith had shown an aptitude for journalism several years before he became connected with it. In 1858, after graduating from the Albany Academy at the age of sixteen years, he wrote leading articles for the Albany *Evening Transcript*. Six months later he entered the Schenectady University, from which he was graduated in 1861. Upon leaving college he became a member of the staff of General Rathbone, and for two years he assisted in the work of recruiting and organizing volunteers for the war of the rebellion. He exchanged this work for a position in the faculty of the Albany Academy, where he remained until he took editorial charge of the Albany *Express* in 1865. His interest in educational matters did not cease, however, for in 1871 he was made a trustee of Union College, and in 1879 a regent of the University of the State of New York.

MR. CHARLES EMORY SMITH, OF PHILADELPHIA, THE NEWLY APPOINTED MINISTER TO RUSSIA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.

While working as a journalist in Albany Mr. Smith was well known also as an influential member of the Republican party. For six successive years he served as a delegate to the Republican State Convention. In the February Convention of 1880 he was selected as temporary and permanent president. In each of the other years he was chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, except in 1877, when Roscoe Conkling was chairman and Mr. Smith secretary. As New York member of the Committee on Resolutions at the National Republican Convention at Cincinnati in 1876 he drafted a large part of the platform. During important campaigns Mr. Smith has taken excellent rank as a Republican orator. His abilities as an after-dinner speaker also have made him popular socially, not only in Philadelphia, but elsewhere. It is the opinion of his friends that he will prove to be a highly successful representative of the United States at the court of St. Petersburg. Mr. Smith is still a young man in years and intellectual energy. He was born at Mansfield, Connecticut, on February 18, 1842.

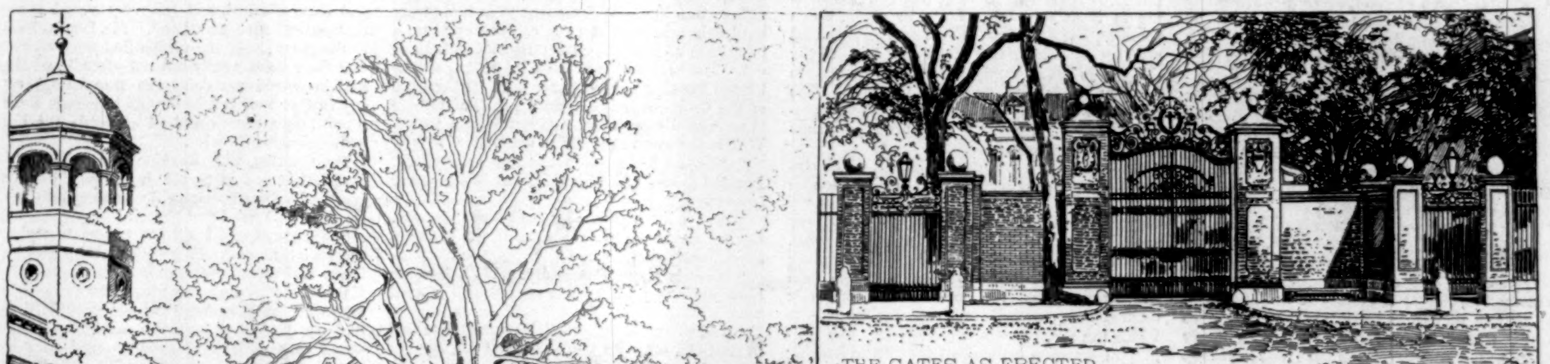
Chicago. Colossus. Northumberland. Curlew. Anson. Atlanta. Benbow. Goshawk. Monarch. Boston. Iron Duke. Yorktown.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH WAR SHIPS AT GIBRALTAR.

A SCENE IN PEARL STREET.

A BROADWAY SIDEWALK.

NEW YORK'S BLOCKADED STREETS.—DRAWN BY BERT WILDER.—[SEE PAGE 143.]


·THE GATES AS ERECTED·

·THE GATES AS DESIGNED·

THE NEW HARVARD GATES, AS DESIGNED, AND AS EXECUTED.—[SEE PAGE 143.]

THE GREAT CALIFORNIA SNOW BLOCKADE.

The information telegraphed to San Francisco on January 15th last that a Central Pacific train was stuck fast in the snow in the Sierra Nevada Mountains proved to be the announcement of the beginning of the most protracted snow blockade in the history of American transcontinental railways; and in some respects the extent of the storm is without parallel in the annals of the American occupation of the Pacific slope. The heavy falls of snow that in the mountains buried the railway track and station buildings came upon the lowlands in the form of rain and devastating floods, which inundated the valleys on the west slope from the Sacramento to the Columbia River. The work of clearing the track was interrupted by avalanches and landslides, which covered the road-bed with snow and mud, while the moist, fast-falling snow, coming in great flakes which filled the air, was driven into the cuts by the strong wind, and there froze solidly to the rails. It was not until January 31st, the seventeenth day from the time the road became impassable, that the first through train came into San Francisco. Reno, on the east slope of the Sierra Nevadas, was the easterly limit of the blockade, and there the trains bound westward, which could get no farther, stopped, and awaited the clearing of the track. The discomforts and deprivations incurred during their stay in crowded cars amid the snows, and the effects of the cold, rarefied air told heavily upon the health of the passengers, particularly of those who were unused to high altitudes, and several deaths occurred among them during their long detention. The only doctor in the blockaded trains at Truckee was taken ill with a congestive chill, so that medical advice was lacking, and the medical stores obtainable were insufficient for the needs of the imprisoned travellers. The passengers sought every means to enliven the weary days of their waiting, and tried to forget the bleakness of their surroundings in cards, dominoes, extemporized games, and even by amateur theatricals. These cars were kept lighted and comfortably warm; and in every case where a passenger requested it, he was supplied with food by the railway company. About a hundred miles of track was blockaded, the deepest and least penetrable snows being near the summit of the mountain range, at a point known as Cascade, where a bridge spans a foaming stream. Here the snow-shed ordinarily relied on to protect the track had been burned during the past summer, and the snow lay upon the track twenty feet deep.

At Blue Cañon and other parts of the line near the summit not only the roadway but the station buildings and the houses of the little towns were literally buried in snow. So deeply were some of the smaller dwellings covered that, in order to keep up the fires within, the chimneys had to be dug down to, and extended by means of stovepipe or barrels, and people went in and out of their houses through holes in the roof. The hotel at Blue Cañon was so nearly overwhelmed by snow that its lower door could only be reached by means of a tunnel thirty feet long. Previous to the blockade, in anticipation of severe winter storms, the railway company had stationed snow-ploughs, extra men, and boarding camps along the line, and other extraordinary precautions had been taken to meet the contingency of the heavy snowfall; and when it came, the efforts of the railroad managers to reopen the line of traffic were incessant and untiring; all the knowledge gained by previous experience and every expedient suggested by the immediate emergency were used.

At the beginning of the great storm the railway company had two great snow-ploughs of different models at each end of the blockaded track, and they were set to work with vigor to break a way through the snow. The rotary plough, coming from the Pacific slope, worked eastward, and the cyclone plough, starting from Reno, worked westward toward the centre of the blockade.

The plan of the rotary plough is so novel, and its performance during the last blockade was so wonderful and successful, that it is worth a detailed description. It consists of a heavy wrought-iron frame made of twelve-inch beams, strongly braced, carrying upon its forward end a steel drum nine feet in diameter, with a square front ten feet wide, in which are contained twelve rotating shovels made of best steel, and arranged like an immense fan-wheel. On the front of the shovels are placed eighteen two-edged knives of the best steel, which reverse automatically. On the frame on the rear of the drum are located the engines and boiler which supply the power to turn the shovel wheel, and the whole is supported by two extra heavy four-wheel trucks, with solid rubber springs and axles of the best hammered iron. The cylinders are seventeen inches in diameter, twenty-two inches stroke, accurately planed, fitted, and bolted together. The boiler and machinery are entirely covered by a substantial ash cab. The front truck is equipped with an extra wrought-iron frame, made fast on the truck frame for the purpose of carrying the ice-cutter and flanger. The ice-cutter is hung from the forward end of the extra frame, and can be lowered to cut the ice and snow from the inside and off the top of the rails in front of the forward truck wheels. The flanger is hung on the rear end of the extra frame, and is so constructed as to cut within one-half inch of the rails on the sharpest curve. The rotary plough can be run through three feet of snow at a rate of twelve miles an hour, and in six feet of snow will go forward faster than a man can walk. The twenty-foot drift at Cascade is probably the severest test to which a rotary plough has yet been subjected, and the result was practically a success.

Owing to various disasters to the cyclone plough at the easterly end, the only effective attack on the deeper blockade was made from the west, and for ten days and nights the rotary plough, backed by four, and sometimes by six, powerful locomotives, slowly and steadily cut its way through the snow. Where the snow was very heavy and hard the rotary plough sometimes could not pick up the snow, but shoved it ahead, and packed it in a mass of ice so solid that no number of locomotives could force the plough through it. At such times the engines behind came to a sudden stand-still, and their driving-wheels ground and grated the rails, until the warning note came from ahead that the plough was stopped. The gang of laborers would then be sent ahead, and by the light of torches would work with picks and shovels to remove the ice and snow in front of the rotary blades. Thus the snow-plough proceeded, fighting its way foot by foot. It was weird and startling when the rotary plough would push into one of the snow-sheds into which snow had drifted. The snow, which buried the sides and roofs, made impenetrable darkness everywhere within, illumined only by the streak of fire that shot from the slender smoke-stack of the plough, or flashed from the rapidly revolving blades as the mighty machine went steadily ahead amid stifling blasts of smoke and cinders. Wherever the plough was brought into requisition to clear the sheds, it dashed the iced snow against the sides of the sheds with such terrific force as to break them from their fastenings. When, after a night of toil and hardship, the gang of shovellers, who had been acting as pioneers to the plough, were worn out with toil and exposure, and could keep awake no longer, the fires in the engines were allowed to burn low, the brakes were set, and all hands tried to catch a few hours' sleep. The last and greatest struggle during the blockade took place on the easterly side of the Cascade bridge. A passage had been broken to the bridge, and all the track on the westward behind the plough was clear, but beyond the bridge rose a high bank of hard snow, which, for a mile and a quarter, varied from fourteen to twenty feet in depth. Against that mass the rotary plough started, and pushing across the bridge, which shook beneath the grinding driving-wheels of the locomotives, attacked with its blades the face of the bank, and slowly forced its way into it, while the hoppers hurled the snow in a mighty stream far over the bank and into the cañon below.

The cyclone plough, a gigantic machine which works on the principle of an auger, did not give good results during the last storm. Its trial upon the road on this occasion being of the nature of an experiment, everything seemed to go wrong with it. The machinery got quickly out of order; it was delayed a number of times, broke down on the road once, was for a while lost sight of, then laid up with a hot box, and when it reached the snow it was found unfit to combat with drifts of considerable depths. It was too large to pass through the snow-sheds wherever they were at all crushed out of shape; and thus the heaviest labor fell upon the rotary plough. The cyclone plough is shaped like a large box car. Projecting in front is a large worm, or auger, which bores in, and draws the snow into a hopper that revolves at a high rate of speed. The hopper throws the snow through a funnel to a distance of about two hundred feet from the track. The cyclone plough is operated by six engines, representing 600 horse-power. In future experiments it may give better results.

Besides the two great snow-ploughs, which represented the heavy artillery used in the attack on the snow, a force of 2500 men, picked up wherever they could be found, and paid high wages, was at work with shovels and pickaxes upon the snow. The railway company estimates its loss during the blockade at $75,000 a day, or more than $1,000,000 during the entire period, and this reckoning is exclusive of the coming repairs which the disaster has necessitated. The telegraph companies found great difficulty in keeping their lines open, and despatches were greatly delayed. In places the snow lay ten feet over the tops of the telegraph poles, and it was found to be necessary to dig trenches down to the wires in the snow, and sometimes to tunnel a passageway through the drifts. By great effort a single line was kept in operation throughout the blockade.

The snow-sheds along the railroad endured the storm well. Though bent and strained, they, with one or two exceptions, sustained the pressure of vast quantities of snow, which, west of Summit, covered them from eighteen to twenty-five feet deep. A large force of men was engaged in bracing up the weaker parts of these sheds, and a large body of shovellers was kept actively at work in removing snow from roofs. In East Nevada and Utah, along the line of the Central Pacific road, the present snowfall has never before been equalled in the memory of man. At a place near Emigrant Gap the sheds were pressed out of shape until the cars could scarcely pass, and the cabs of the engines sometimes caught against the leaning posts. In many of the sheds the snow drifted in several feet deep for long distances, and near Emigrant Gap a slide crushed in twenty feet of shed. Several of the locomotives were for a long time imprisoned in snow-sheds, and the continual cracking of the timbers as they settled beneath the vast weight of snow pressing upon them was an ominous sound to the train men, and caused them to pass a great many unpleasant quarter hours.

The storm was attended with numberless mishaps and disappointments. When it would seem that the track was nearly cleared, and the end of the blockade was near, the elements would rage again with increased fury, avalanches of snow would destroy the work of days, ploughs would break down, engines would be derailed, and a hundred other mishaps occur. Even when the snow-plough had effected a passage through the drifts, it left behind a layer of snow a few inches deep, which, becoming trampled and frozen, impeded the train, and for long distances the track outside the sheds had to be flanged with picks and shovels before the train could pass. When at last, on January 30th, the foremost of the long-detained trains moved westward with a clear track before it, there was much rejoicing by every one on the spot, and the cars proceeded in a cloud of smoke from fire-crackers and Chinese bombs, exploded to celebrate their departure as the trains pulled out from Reno. At the very end of its work, when only 300 feet of the last great drift lay unbroken before it, the rotary plough, which had done such effective service during the great blockade, was disabled at Cascade—worn out by the long, unintermitted strain upon its machinery—and was taken to the shops at Sacramento for repairs. Its appearance there showed the hard struggle that it had endured. The entire exterior was bruised and scarred. There was not a pane of glass left in the sides, and boards and pieces of canvas had been substituted by the crew to keep out the frigid mountain blasts. But this damage to the exterior was of little moment; the cause of its break-down lay in the great cog-wheels, by means of which the power from the engine was imparted to the immense snow knives in front; these were badly fractured, the cogs being nearly all broken off.

THE OPENING GUN.

BY LYNN R. MEEKINS.

At first Abner Green's nomination for sheriff was received with great enthusiasm. His correct habits of life and his just dealings with his neighbors led them, irrespective of their political predilections, to part with an unusually large number of compliments. All this made Abner's wife Jane happy. Politics wasn't such a bad thing, after all.

But gradually the enthusiasm began to cool. Abner's party opponents, seeing the necessity of finding some weakness in his candidacy, quieted their consciences with the fine things that they had said, and proceeded to manufacture campaign material, with that busy and irresponsible iconoclast Rumor at the head of the enterprise. It thus came about that Abner's just dealings were nothing more than extortion, and that his success was an affront to every neighbor of different political belief who had not succeeded. Who was he, anyhow? Simply a poor country boy, who had got along in some mysterious way, and had now reached the eminence of a high place on the ticket, when there were older men in the district who should have had the honor. This talk pleased the older men, and although outwardly supporting Abner, they had hard feelings in their hearts, and seemed to listen to the talk against him with a complaisant air of secret gratification.

All this Abner saw and appreciated. He went down to town, and had a long talk with Colonel Short, the party leader, or better known as the "boss." The colonel was affable and interested.

"I understand it perfectly," he said. "It is always that way, and we'll have to whip those fellows into line. We're going to have a pretty hard fight this year, and you've got to pile up a handsome majority in Sussex District to help us out. The best way is to begin by getting up the biggest meeting you have ever held. Your store at the Cross-roads is a central point, and there is no reason why you should not draw a crowd. Who is the worst man you've got to deal with?"

"Old Silas Legg is about as bad as anybody. I traded horses with him once, and he has never got over it."

"Yes; I know him. He isn't much account, but you can make him chairman of the meeting. How about the speakers?"

"There is Major Powderdry. We'll have to have him, and yet if he gets started he'll talk all night."

"And say nothing. Well, invent some means to shut him off. I'll send Carr, and you can get some of your neighbors to make a few remarks, and your men to be in readiness to applaud. And above all things, get the more influential colored people there. We need some of their votes."

Abner went home, and began to make the arrangements. A notice was posted on trees and houses announcing:

"The Opening Gun of the Campaign. Great Outpouring of the Citizens of Sussex. All in Favor of Honest Government and Low Taxes Will Attend. Eloquent Speeches by Major Hamilton Powderdry, Hon. Silas Legg, Hon. Erastus Crawley, Hon. Brent Carr. Ladies Invited. Freemen Assert your Rights! Save the Country from Extravagance and Misrule! Don't Forget the Place and Date—Green's Cross-roads, Thursday Night, Seven Thirty O'Clock. Come One, Come All!"

A platform was constructed for the occasion. It was rough, but strong. In front were benches for the people. Of course the meeting excited great interest. It offered a break in the dull routine of Sussex life, and the list of speakers gave a decided attraction to the programme. Moreover, mass-meetings in Sussex had some unexpected features that were worth seeing. Everything was fair in political warfare, and if the other side could play a successful trick and interfere with the speeches, they had a perfect right to do so.

For days the orators advertised on the printed bills were full of varied emotions. Major Powderdry, more inflated than ever with his importance, rehearsed daily for his greatest effort. Silas Legg didn't think that he would go to the meeting at all, but his name in big letters on the posters was too much for his vanity. Erastus Crawley, after saying he wouldn't speak, drove his children out of his room because they interfered with some writing he was attending to, and that night he scared his wife nearly to death by jumping up in bed and shouting, "Fellow-citizens, I did not expect to make a speech, but—" He didn't get any further, for Mrs. Crawley pulled down his uplifted arm and asked him if he was crazy.

Abner contemplated his work Thursday morning with considerable satisfaction. Everything was ready. The weather was gloriously fair, the atmosphere was comfortable, and all the signs pointed to a great success. Sussex District did not boast a brass band, but the meeting itself would draw the people. The opposition were curiously quiet, and Abner was doubtful as to what tactics they would pursue. He had not forgotten the night, several years before, when they hid a hornets' nest under one of the benches, but he did not think they would try such a thing again; and even if they did, it was too late in the season for hornets to take much exercise. No; the matter which bothered him most was some way to cut off Major Powderdry's dull monotony of sound. He thought out various schemes, with no success at all, and then, taking recourse to his usual philosophy, he decided to wait for some kind fortune to help him out.

By seven o'clock the people had arrived. Along the road the carriages and wagons and horses made an imposing display. The benches were filled, crowds stood around the edges, and everybody was ready for the eloquence of the evening. Mrs. Jane Green, surrounded by the best ladies of the district, occupied seats well in front. Presently the distinguished speakers filled the chairs on the platform. Abner was there in his best suit of clothes. Silas Legg's linen was radiant and bountiful, and he held himself like a new school trustee at a female Commencement. Erastus Crawley had a conscious air, and occasionally his lips moved, as if he were trying to keep his impromptu speech well in memory. Young Carr sat with the easy grace of an experienced speaker, and, like a good politician, looked for his inspiration in the faces of the rosy-cheeked country girls in the audience. More prominent than all of these was Major Powderdry, who was trembling on the threshold of his greatest effort. He crossed and recrossed his legs until his trousers were in danger of being worn out. He talked first to one neighbor and then to another, and waited with great impatience until the party men of the district had got seated on the stage. Then arising, and, kicking down his trousers, which through too much movement had climbed up to his shoe tops, he exhibited his large expanse of cuffs, and said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I move that the Honorable Silas Legg, our distinguished fellow-citizen, be made chairman of this splendid outpouring of the people."

The motion was seconded, and Mr. Legg, whose "honorable" had come from one brief term in the Legislature twenty years before, arose, and slowly moved to the small table in front. He bowed to the applause, bowed to the platform, and bowed to the audience. Then, in a piping voice, he thanked the people for the compliment, and spoke of the pride of the district in the nomination of "that citizen whom we all love for his ability and integrity, Mr. Abner Green, our next sheriff." There was great applause; and Jane blushed, and felt very proud indeed that she had such a husband. Mr. Legg referred to the party; told the people that they ought to cast their votes "early but not often," and then said he would not delay the proceedings with any further remarks, but would introduce a man whom they all knew and all honored—the Honorable Erastus Crawley.

Mr. Crawley, who likewise had been in the Legislature, moved to the front with the easy grace of a Dutch steam-ship backing into port. He raised his hand and began:

"Fellow-citizens, I did not expect to make a speech, but no man who loves this party as I love it can face this assemblage and wish to be quiet. It is a proud privilege to appear before you, and to say a few words in behalf of the splendid ticket that our party has placed in the field—a ticket sound as a dollar and good as gold—a ticket which contains the name of our friend and neighbor Abner Green, who will be our next sheriff when the setting sun shall fall upon the ides of November, and place upon our banners the insignia of victory."

The people did not take time to think how a setting sun was to put an insignia on the banners; it wasn't necessary; they simply saw Mr. Crawley's strong arm come down upon the table, and they heard his voice fall into a cadence that demanded applause, and they applauded. This roused the orator, and on he went, dealing out assurances of success and preaching party principles with rotund vehemence that called forth the liveliest manifestations of delight. Major Powderdry was getting still more fidgety, for he feared that Crawley would capture all the honors. Fortunately for his nerves, however, Mr. Crawley foundered. His memory gave out, and he had to jump over a whole section of his speech to the conclusion, which he delivered in the true war-horse style. He sat down, and with a big red handkerchief, which was reserved strictly for special occasions, wiped off the perspiration that had come from his sturdy oratory.

Both speeches had been brief. Then it was Major Powderdry's turn. Slowly and pompously he came to the front. At each stage of the applause his importance swelled. He bowed with the generous grace of a true orator.

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, fellow-countrymen, and fellow-citizens," he said, with noble impressiveness, as he raised his hand and again exhibited his immaculate cuff, "the assembled loveliness and yeomanry of proud old Sussex inspires me with the belief that the mighty voice of the sovereign people, speaking through the unerring medium of their patriotic enthusiasm, has ably and eloquently foreshadowed the splendid victory that will greet our magnificent old party in November." (Applause.)

This sentence would undoubtedly have ended more sonorously if Mr. Crawley had not snatched

"the ides of November" from the major, and made him change his words. But fortunately the rest of the speech differed entirely from Mr. Crawley's, and the major had no difficulty in rolling off his long and tedious phrases. Once fully started, he was like a boat launched in the tide: he kept on going until—until—

Yes, until something happened. It was while he was growing eloquent over the "matchless and deathless principles of our glorious old party" that a strain of music with sundry shouts came from down the road, about a hundred yards away. The major drowned it with his voice; but up it came again, louder than ever. Quickly some secret telegraph spread it around that there was a performing bear in the vicinity. The news had a wonderful effect. At first, those on the outside slipped away. Then the benches began to be emptied. The major talked on with brave resolution; but what was a mere orator in a country district to a performing bear?

Abner Green was in dismay. Only the women and a few men were left in the audience. His meeting was on the verge of failure. He called a man, and found out the trouble. He did not hesitate.

"Keep it going, gentlemen, till I get back," he said. And jumping off the platform, he hurried to the road.

The plotters of the opposition quickly mingled with the crowd when they saw him approaching. He came on, with his face full of determination. It had been many years since he had seen a bear, but his curiosity was overwhelmed in his desire to save the meeting.

There, in the centre of the crowd, the poor old bear was dancing to the discord of an asthmatic bagpipe. Abner marched boldly into the arena, and demanded the cause of the interference. The man promptly replied that he was on his way to town, and that some young gentlemen had paid him a dollar to give a performance.

"Come with me," whispered Abner, "and I'll give you two dollars; and if you don't come, I'll have you arrested."

The two dollars was a stronger attraction than the threat. Very promptly the man, leading the bear, followed Abner Green, and behind them came the crowd that had forsaken the meeting. The animal produced a great sensation. Major Powderdry took a recess; and when it was seen that Abner was going to have that bear give a brief performance on the platform, the excitement reached an intensity that had never been known in that neighborhood.

"He is harmless, gentlemen," was Abner's assurance; but it did not assure the distinguished committee-men and officers. They did not care to share the honors of the platform with a bear. Hon. Silas Legg surrendered the chairmanship, and became an humble spectator; Hon. Erastus Crawley thought he would rather see the proceedings from the audience; and Major Powderdry, with a look of supreme contempt, retired to the corner of the stage, where he could easily jump off at the first sign of hostility. Abner Green remained bravely at his post.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we not only defy the opposition, but we capture their ammunition; and we are going to show you the kind of arguments that they use, by letting their animals give a little show." (Applause.)

Abner motioned to the man, and he came forward with the bagpipe and the bear. He played a tune—or an apology for a tune—and Bruin danced to the music. Everybody was all attention. The performance met with great applause, and a second instalment was called for. Abner had secured the undivided respect of every man and woman in the place.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will have some more speech-making. Nothing like variety, you know."

The man and the bear retired. The animal laid down on the far corner of the platform. Major Powderdry saw the field open, and he advanced to finish his speech. Abner was sorely disappointed. He had hoped the major would not try again; but the major was not the kind of man to spend a week over his greatest effort, and have it ruined by such untoward circumstances. He began at the safe corner of the platform, but his eloquence being of the moving sort—especially in its effects on himself—he gradually warmed up to his words and moved to the centre of the stage. His oratory was never better. The audience was interested, and the bear was quiet. Presently he reached a climax that called for applause. It came vociferously. Abner joined in it by stamping on the platform. The bear woke up and growled. The major looked around, and seeing Bruin, promptly returned to his safe corner for security.

Again he proceeded. Again he waxed eloquent. Again there was applause. Again Bruin growled, and again the major retired from the centre of the stage to his corner.

A third time he started out to awake the echoes.

"In the multiplied industries, the diverse interests of our glorious nation," he said, "what party has afforded the most sacred security to our advancing progress? What principles founded on justice and built by experience, compassing the munificent wisdom of past history with the magnificent practicalities of the golden age of the present, have given the rich incentives to our expanding civilization, the splendid promise of freedom and safety to our sovereign citizenship, and the sure protection against extravagance in our public affairs? What principles I say—and I repeat it with all the earnestness of my soul—what principles except those which are embodied, like jewels in rich settings of gold, in the platform and practices of our great and glorious old party?"

There was tremendous applause. The people clapped their hands and hurrahed. Abner stamped on the platform with all the force of his heavy new boots. And suddenly the bear, with a noisier growl than ever, arose to his feet, and made a step forward. The major heard him, and saw him advance. In his heated imagination, warmed by the fires of eloquence, he fancied a whole drove of bears coming upon him with distended jaws. He did not tarry, but with a leap cleared the stage, and took refuge in the audience.

Great excitement began, but a panic was easily averted by the man, who took hold of the chain and pulled the animal back.

Abner again came to the front. "That was a beautiful speech of Major Powderdry's," he said. "It was sound and reasonable and eloquent. Now, to show you a contrast, we'll have another of the sort of speeches our enemies use."

This reassured the people, who caught the full spirit of the fun. The music began, and the bear advanced in the usual way. While the performance was in progress, Abner retired, and called some of his men to him.

"Get this man and this bear away from here," he whispered. "Drive them down the road, and threaten to hang the man to a tree if he don't get out of this neighborhood. And mind, do it quietly."

When the dance was over, Abner took the man to the rear of the stage, and placed two dollars in his hand. As he did so, he whispered:

"Get away from here as quietly as you can, and leave the neighborhood. If you don't, we'll string you to a tree."

The event had filled the poor wanderer with astonishment. He had been so dazed that he scarcely remembered his old tunes. The amazement kept on increasing, and this last admonition settled him. Grabbing the money and holding it tightly, he got off the platform, and pulled the bear after him. Then, plunging into the darkness, he fled from the place.

Quite promptly and complacently Abner came to the front again. He had bloomed out on the platform all at once. It surprised no one more than himself to find that he was talking in a good voice to so many people whom he had never faced collectively before. It was the excitement and the needs of the hour that developed him. He introduced Mr. Carr with a vigorous flourish of compliments, and the young orator proceeded to give the people a strong, practical, persuasive speech, illustrated and brightened by good stories that kept every one amused and interested, his remarks being so entertaining that the bear was for the time forgotten.

It was getting rather late—late for the country, of course—when Carr finished; but he saw that the people were not especially tired, and he took Abner's breath away by saying that he was sure everybody wanted to hear a few words from the candidate for sheriff. He was shrewd enough to observe that Abner had in him a strong vein of eloquent common-sense. His handling of the bear incident showed that. Abner hesitated; but when the demand became urgent, he arose and tried to say something, looking to Jane for his inspiration.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I am no speech-maker; but as the representative of this district on the ticket, I feel proud of the honor, and I tell you squarely that I want your votes. ["You'll get 'em," shouted a voice.] I believe I will, my friend; and I tell you now that some people will have about as much success in downing our ticket as they did in trying to stop this meeting. [Great applause.] We'll not only capture them, but their bears and all the other animals in their menagerie. [Renewed demonstrations.] Fellow-citizens, I'd like to say one word about that bear. You noticed him, didn't you? Did you ever see such a bear? [Laughter.] He was strong and healthy, and yet he looked poor and weak and ashamed—looked as if he had lost his self-respect and independence. Now think a minute. What does that bear do? He does all the work. He does the dancing, while the man with the wind-bag plays the music. So far so good. Now, when the money comes in, who gets it? The bear that makes the show a success, or the man with the wind? Why, the poor old bear don't get anything. If sugar-cured hams were a cent apiece, he would never know the taste of them in a year. [Laughter.] The man just plays, and the old bear dances, and I wouldn't wonder if he was fool enough to think that he was doing the right thing. [Laughter.] Now, it strikes me, fellow-citizens, that our friends on the other side have sent us a first-class specimen of their way of running their party. ["That's so!" said a voice.] I see before me some good members of that party, and I see some colored voters who belong to it, too. Now I ask them if their bosses have not been playing on the wind-bag, and making them do the dancing. [Laughter.] Haven't they cast the votes, while the bosses stood around and waited for the prizes? Who got the proceeds? Why, fellow-citizens of the other side of the fence, you have been doing all the work, and you haven't got a smell of the results. [Laughter and applause.] You are the bear, and the bosses are the firm that plays a little campaign music, and takes all the offices. [Great laughter.] Why don't you come into a party that treats you like men, that respects your independence, and glories in your manhood? [Great applause.] You have heard the splendid speeches here to-night. These men talked to your reason; they didn't play on wind, and expect you to do the dancing, while they put the money in their pockets, and left you to prowl around the corn fields for your supper. [More laughter and renewed applause.] Come into an honest party. We've already got a big majority, but there's always room for more; and we will see that you will be treated like free American citizens, and not like animals to be trotted out once a year to do the voting for somebody else's profit. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your kind attention."

There wasn't any applause too fervent for Abner Green. He had spoken in a homely, forcible way, carrying everybody with him. Mr. Legg's piping words, Mr. Crawley's tumultuous blows, Major Powderdry's voluble rhetoric, and even Carr's able arguments, were forgotten in the apt and telling illustration of the candidate for sheriff. The people were astonished at his performance, and were proud of his success, and they crowded to the front to shake him by the hand.

"Abner," said Carr, "that is worth a hundred votes."

But Abner shook his head, and began to compliment the other speakers. He thanked the Hon. Silas Legg for his kindness and his eloquent words; he thanked the Hon. Erastus Crawley for his magnificent speech; he thanked Major Powderdry for his splendid address—"the best I ever heard, major; as fine as anything any orator could do."

And so everybody went home pleased and satisfied.

Carr spent the night at Abner Green's. When all the people had gone, Carr and Abner and Jane sat down to a little supper which Jane had prepared. Jane was prouder than ever of her husband.

"That bear was very funny," she said; "but it was too bad for it to scare poor Major Powderdry so! Wasn't it, Mr. Carr?"

Carr looked at Abner, and noticed a vagrant smile steal over his face.

"Abner, how did you manage it?" he asked.

"Oh, I didn't do anything! There was a loose board on the platform. I was sitting on one end of it and the bear was on the other end, and somehow when I applauded, the board flew up and hit the bear, and the bear didn't seem to like it. Carr," exclaimed Abner, "that bear saved the meeting. Some kind Providence sent him here to-night. If it hadn't been for him, the major would have talked all night."

Jane laid down her knife and fork, and gazed sadly at her husband.

"Abner," she said, as she shook her head, "I'm afraid politics will be the ruination of you."

But Carr declared that it was the best thing he had ever heard of, and he accused Abner of having the bear around on purpose; but Abner denied this, and said it was nothing but pure good-luck, "which," he added, "is better than riches, and almost as good as a campaign fund."

A HIGHLY DEVELOPED POSTAL SYSTEM.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

It seemed to me that in England the biblical adage should be altered to read, "The poor and the post-office ye have always with you." It may have been mere coincidences, but wherever I lived or stopped, there was always a post-office around the corner. When I was at the Hotel Victoria, in London, the post-office was at the Strand and Trafalgar Square; at the Tavistock it was on the next corner. So it was when I tried boarding in Bayswater, and so it continued at Henley, through Kent and Devonshire, and in Birmingham and Liverpool. I may have been in little villages that boast no post-offices, but I am inclined to doubt it, for whenever I wanted one, in no matter how tiny a place—even in Clovelly or smaller places in Devonshire—it was always close at hand. There are 9000 post-offices according to the penny hand-book of the department; but whether they include the ones I found maintained in little stationery and general shops is a question. The one nearest to the Stork Hotel in Birmingham consists of one counter in a little shop for the sale of pens, ink, paper, and penny goods for children; and the one in Clovelly is inextricably combined with painted shells and watering-place kickshaws of all sorts.

But an English post-office is very little like an American one. In no other single view one gets of English life is there such a wide contrast between our customs and theirs, or so marked an example of the lengths to which monarchy, even as diluted as the English, may lead as in the British post-offices. An American may entertain a Jacksonian hostility to the principle underlying that postal system, but he cannot help finding the finished result a very convenient institution. At any one of these always handy offices he may post a letter, express a package of or under eleven pounds weight, send a telegram, or procure a money-order. But to the Britisher the neighboring post-office is vastly more important. There he may mail, register, or insure his letters, obtain postal money-orders, send telegrams, insure his life, express his parcels, deposit his weekly or daily savings, buy an old-age fund or arrange for an annuity, obtain the correct time from the Greenwich Observatory, post himself upon the arrival and departure of all trains and of all ships sailing to and from every nook and corner of the world, and get a forecast of the next day's weather.

There is little about the arrangement of or methods in an English post-office that strikes an American as peculiar. One strange fact is that everything done there necessitates the use of stamps, and they must always be affixed by the purchaser. When you send a telegram, you must put the price of it in stamps in the upper right-hand corner of the printed form, and when you deposit money for insurance, annuities, or as a savings fund, you make the payment or deposit in stamps, which no one behind the counter may paste on the form that they are to go upon. Another oddity is that though you get your letter weighed and buy your stamps in-doors, you must always go out-of-doors to post it. The employés in the office are separated from the mail matter—plain or registered or insured, whichever it may be. The letter slits are in the outer wall of the building, and you must pass out of the door to mail your letter.

The English go farther than to merely register a letter. They insure letters as well. Every letter on which only the stamps for postage have been put is insured to the amount of one pound ($5), and that sum will be paid if it be damaged or goes astray, and if the Postmaster-General be satisfied that it was of that value. Registered letters cost twopence extra, and carry with them a guarantee of five pounds, in case they are lost or damaged. For still another twopence the insurance is raised to ten pounds, or whatever part of that sum the proven loss or damage amounts to.

The government or post-office savings-banks are distinctly the depositories of the poor. You cannot bank money at a post-office if you have an account in any other savings-bank, and you may not deposit more than $150 in a year or $750 altogether. Interest is not paid on less than a pound, and then only at the rate of twelve cents a year on five dollars. After the limit of deposit is reached, the depositor can buy government stock, provided he does not buy more than $500 worth in a year, or more than $1500 worth altogether. He may withdraw all his money from the post-office bank at a day's notice, and he can sell his government stock at the market-price the moment he desires, a commission being charged for the sale. There is also a charge of a commission of ninepence on all purchases exceeding twenty-five pounds' worth of stock. Thus, in all ways, private banks and brokers are measurably protected against undue rivalry by the government. Whenever a deposit is made in a post-office bank the depositor gets an acknowledgment. Deposits are made by filling regularly prepared forms with postage-stamps representing the amount deposited; but in opening an account the depositor must also hand in a written declaration that he has no savings in any other savings institution. This declaration must be witnessed by an officer of the Postmaster-General, or a clergyman of any faith, or a justice of the peace, or a commissioner to administer oaths—that is to say, a notary public.

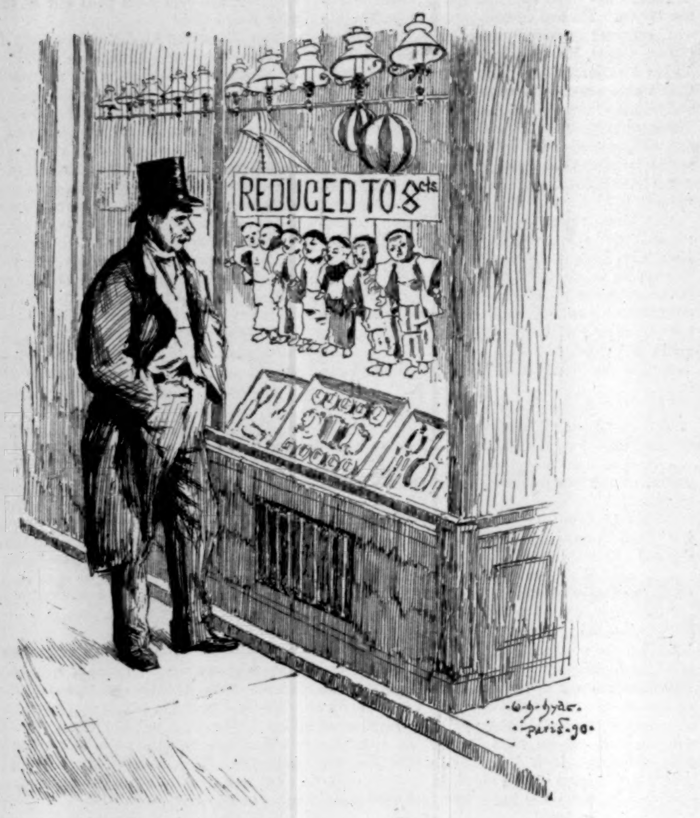
The life-insurance business is a feature of the banking business. Any person of fourteen years or not more than sixty-five years of age can insure his or her life for any amount from £5 ($25) to £100 ($500). The sum insured for may be made payable at death, at sixty years of age, or sooner if death occurs before that age is reached, or on the expiration of 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, or 40 years, in case death does not occur before such period is closed. The payments for life-insurance are made in the same way as savings-bank accounts are kept, and the annual payments may be made in any sums convenient to the insurer. Interest on a bank deposit may be credited to the insurance account. No medical certificate is required when the insurance desired is only $125 or less. If an insurant cannot continue his payments for any reason, the National Debt Commissioners will specify what proportion of what he has paid shall be returned to him.

Annuities are popular, I was going to say, in England; but, upon second thought, it occurs to me that they are equally highly regarded everywhere. But in the older countries, where there is a greater proportion of inherited wealth than in ours, it is in the annual form that incomes are calculated or received; and the English government shows an appreciation of this in establishing these funds, by which what may be called self-pensioning may be effected. Immediate annuities are purchased by the payment of a lump sum. A pound a year can be gotten for a five-year-old boy for £25, 9s. A thirty-year-old man must pay £224, 10s., 10d. for £10 a year; a woman of that age must pay one pound and six shillings more, because her "expectations of life" are better. The government will not contract for a greater annuity than £100.

There is also provision for what is called Old Age Pay, or deferred annuities. In this branch of what the crown calls its "Aids to Thrift," a contract is made with the government for the payment of a fixed sum after a certain lapse of time, when the insurant shall have reached a specified age. A man aged twenty-four, who wants to be sure of a pound a year when and after he is fifty-four years old, must pay $1.08 cents (or four shillings and fourpence a year—two cents a week); or he may pay down a lump sum of £3, 19s. 10d. Deposits upon a contract for Old Age Pay are made at all the post-offices in precisely the same way as savings are deposited; indeed, an account like a savings account must be opened in order to make such a contract.

As the government owns the telegraphs, the post-offices are the only telegraph offices excepting those in railway depots and the stations of the cable companies. The rate for telegraphing is sixpence for a dozen words, and half a cent for each additional word. You must pay for every word you write, including the address, and to insure accuracy by repetition half the price of the telegram must be added; but that is done as little there as here. If you are expecting a great deal of telegraphic correspondence you may effect a saving by registering a cipher address such as "Andes, London," instead of "J. Hammersmith Mitchell-Andrews, 513 Archer Street, Notting Hill, London." This will cost you only £1 1s. or $5 25 a year. You may write all your telegrams in Latin or in any European language for no extra cost; but if you use invented and unintelligible words, they will cost you ten cents extra each. In the cities, telegrams are delivered at the distance of a mile for nothing; but in the country this so-called porterage costs a quarter of a dollar a mile, and in Ireland sixteen cents. Persons living in the country may hand their telegrams to the letter-carriers, or stamp them and drop them in the letter-boxes.

You may rent a private wire wherever you live, and have it run from any point to any point. If



COMPANIONS IN DISTRESS.

SEEDY INDIVIDUAL (*seeing sign*). "So am I, by thunder!"

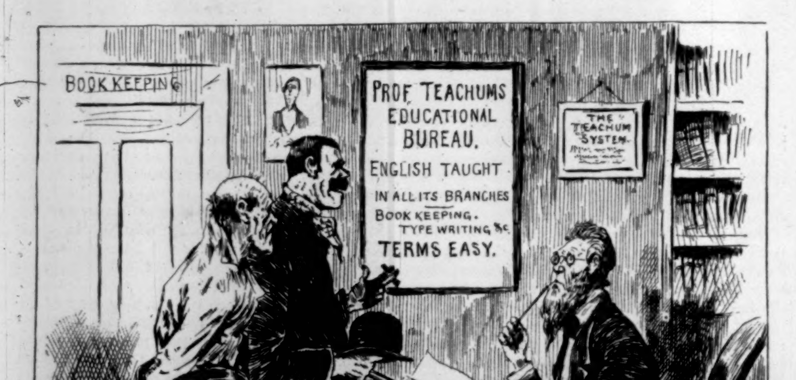
you are a renter of a private wire, you may telegraph your letters to the nearest post-office, whence they will be sent as letters to their destination. In all places where the business warrants it, telephone exchanges are set up, and one renter of a telephone wire can talk with another.

I have said that you can order the correct time or the weather at the post-office. The government advertises to sell forecasts of the weather one day in advance for any region not on the coast. To obtain this prophecy you must address the meteorological office, and pay for ten more words than your request embodies. As for the correct hour of the day, Greenwich mean time is sent to London every hour, and to the country post-offices at ten or one o'clock daily.

Excise licenses are issued at all the money-order offices in England and Scotland. At those offices you must take out a seven-shilling ($1 75) license for a dog, a ten-shilling ($2 50) license for a gun, and licenses costing either a dollar or two dollars and a quarter if you mean to brew beer or "small-beer" for your own use. You can there obtain your license for keeping a male servant for the sum of $3 75 a year, or for keeping a carriage. A one-horse team costs $5 25 a year, and a double team twice as much. If you possess a coat of arms, but never use it or display it, there is no tax upon it; but if you paint it on your carriage, you must pay $10 50 for the pleasure. If you have no carriage but display your bearings on your letter-paper, that amusement is considered worth £1 1s. A game license costs $15 a year, and $10 extra for a gamekeeper.

Naturally a person who lives by his pen would have more occasion to use the post-offices than an ordinary tourist, and better ability to judge them fairly, under which heading I have nothing but praise for all the foreign posts I used, though they could not be more reliable than ours at home. But I found the English postal stations of great service beyond my requirements from the mail. When separated from friends, and when travelling to meet them, without accurate knowledge of their whereabouts, it became my tried and satisfactory habit to leave written word at the village post-offices. Once I lost a document of great value. Discovering the loss in one village, I imagined it to have occurred in another, and it was eminently satisfactory to be able to pick out one in six or eight houses as a telegraph and post office, and communicate instantly with the village we had just left. That could not be done in such small places in America. Later, while retracing my steps, I posted notices of the loss in the post-offices of the villages I had stopped in, confident that practically all the people in each place would see the placards there more quickly than anywhere else. When I reached London the lost document was awaiting me there.

The thrift of the British government and of the British people is shown in the manner in which the Post-office is "worked," and in the manner in which the people support it. Every branch of the department is maintained on business principles that have increased its profits from £1,250,000 sterling twenty years ago, to £4,000,000 sterling to-day. This is quite as creditable a showing for the government as the four million separate accounts in the Post-office savings-banks (representing deposits of £54,000,000) is for the people.



THE AUSTRALIAN SYSTEM.

HEELER. "How much d'ye ax, Sor, ter taich me frind here ter read jist three wurruds?"
PROFESSOR. "Why only three words?"
HEELER. "Well, ye see, Sor, if they're goin' to wurruk this Owstralian ballit reform racket, I want me frind here to be dead sure of three wurruds, Dem., Rep., and Prohib. It's meself as kin attind to the rest av the talchin'."

BANKS AND BANKERS.

WALL STREET has ceased to occupy itself much with the affairs of the Sixth National Bank and the two small State banks—the Equitable and the Lenox Hill. The Sixth National is known to be in good condition again, and its restoration to the Clearing-house is only a matter of time, while its daily clearances are at present made through the Gallatin National Bank. The scandals and crimes, however, which caused the suspension of the Sixth National and the Equitable and Lenox Hill concerns are not yet done with, and the whole affair still properly claims space in the columns of the daily papers. The proper steps to fix the guilt of the bank wreckers, and to bring upon them the penalties of the law, are being taken in the manner contemplated by the law, and the incident has accordingly ceased to figure among the causes which influence the money and stock markets.

It is noticeable, however, that the general public does not take so positive a view of the recent bank scandals as that which is taken in Wall Street. The stoppage or failure of a bank, from whatever cause, always excites a storm of feeling in the public mind, faithfully represented in the daily press, and usually so violent as to include in its condemnation all who are brought into important connection with the broken institution, even if they touch it only to repair loss or prevent the disaster from spreading. The business of a bank of deposit and discount, though of the most matter-of-fact nature, is a mystery to the mass of the community, and stories which would find few believers if told about men engaged in mercantile business are quite popular when told about bank managers. Hence on every occasion of a bank failure we read in the papers statements that are well suited to frighten people who have some money and very little knowledge of business—statements which would imply a general looseness of bank management, such as in fact could not long exist without wide-spread disaster as its natural result.

The banking business has been very largely developed of late years, and the number of people directly interested in it as depositors is correspondingly increased. Experience has shown the general safety of the system, so that fortunately we have gone along for many years without any general uneasiness on this score, and even without cause for it. And why? Chiefly because of the effective measures promptly taken in every case of trouble. The Bank Clearing-house of New York, comprising in its membership practically all of the important banks, with the less important concerns making their clearances, or daily settlements, through individual members of the Clearing-house, has a standing committee which has special powers to act in cases of embarrassment. A report of trouble reaches the Clearing-house, and the Clearing-house Committee at once visits the bank in question, examines its affairs, and proceeds to act, with the controlling purpose not to let the bank fail if it is solvent. If the securities requisite are there, the embarrassed bank is carried safely through its period of difficulty, and the mischief is not allowed to spread. This applies to banks that are members of the Clearing-house; if they become embarrassed, but yet are solvent, they are saved by the Clearing-house Committee—have been saved in the past, and will be in the future. In the case of a bank not a member of the Clearing-house, it still has its connections more powerful than itself, and it is saved if worth saving. The action of bank managers generally in such cases is conservative in a high degree, and has always been successful when the materials for success existed.

Nor does this action of the Clearing-house Committee involve any covering up of wrong-doing. There is discipline as well as help in it; the interests at stake are too great to permit of trifling, and the committee, from official position no less than from personal character, feels responsibility equal to its power. Moreover, and this is very important, wrong-doing in such cases could not be concealed even if bank presidents conspired to conceal it. The greater part of our banks are under the national system, and are open to the visits and examinations of Bank Examiners appointed by the Comptroller of the Currency. One of the great benefits of the National Bank system is that it has bred a class of Bank Examiners to become real experts in their business; and their responsibility to the Comptroller of the Currency makes them independent of local influences. They have the advantage of great experience and constant practice, and the public gets the benefit of this when their services are needed. In the case of the Sixth National Bank, for instance, when Mr. Hepburn, the Examiner, stepped in, he became virtually the Receiver of the concern, and so held it until the action of the committee and Mr. Leland enabled it to resume business. Concurrently with Mr. Hepburn's action began the proceedings before the United States Commissioner, now going on; the whole machinery of the National Bank law having been promptly set in motion to bring to justice the conspirators who robbed the bank. In the case of the defrauded State banks the State law is taking its course; not so quickly as the national law, but with every prospect of substantial justice being done. The agents of the State banking laws have a smaller field and less practice, but we may depend upon it that they are on their mettle, and will give a good account of themselves.

The recent cases are cases of atrocious robbery, and bear no resemblance to the insidious dangers caused by bad debts and decaying investments. In such cases the Bank Examiners have great power, and can force a bank to charge its real losses to profit and loss. This is naturally a slow process, owing to the enormous mass of securities to be investigated. But every calamity among the banks makes bank officers more strict and vigilant, and we may also count upon its increasing the vigilance of the official independent Bank Examiners.

HENRY J. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, *Friday Evening, February* 14, 1890.

TAKE CARE! THERE IS DANGER

In allowing inactivity of the kidneys to grow through neglect. The deadly shoals of Bright's disease and diabetes will wreck the goodly bark of health if it is allowed to drift rudderless upon them. The bladder, too, if inactive, and judicious medication does not speedily direct the helm toward the port of safety, will be whelmed by the quicksand of disease. In selecting a diuretic, let your choice fall upon Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which stimulates the renal organs without irritating and exciting them, two effects to be apprehended from the unmedicated stimuli largely resorted to. These have a tendency to react prejudicially. The Bitters invigorate the kidneys and bladder, in common with the nerves and the digestive organs, and so afford lasting aid. It also affords dual assistance in preventing and curing intermittent and remittent fever. Biliousness, constipation, and rheumatism it also subjugates.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

COUGHS AND COLDS.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple and effective remedy. They contain nothing injurious, and may be used at all times with perfect safety.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE strong feature of Nicholson's Liquid Bread is that while a pleasant, refreshing beverage, it assists the constitution to overcome the various weakening and wasting maladies. Ask your druggist or grocer for it. Do not fail to try it.—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.—[*Adv.*]

THE use of ANGOSTURA BITTERS excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

LET quality, not quantity, be the test of a medicine. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the concentrated extract of the best and purest ingredients. Medical men everywhere recommend it as the surest and most economical blood medicine in the market.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THE CITY OF ST. PAUL.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

In considering with some degree of care the causes that have led to the development of the Northwest, the visitor to the upper Mississippi Valley will become impressed with the fact that had the head of navigation in the Mississippi River been at the Falls of St. Anthony, there would have been no city of St. Paul; or had the Falls of St. Anthony been at the head of navigation, there would have been no city of Minneapolis. Natural obstacles, and the local rivalries growing out of them, stimulated the building of these two cities to a degree that would have been impossible had the Falls of St. Anthony and the head of navigation been created originally within an area likely to be covered by one moderate-sized city. Minnesota affects to believe that in the event of such a combination of native resources, the population of the one city which might have grown up on the spot would not have differed materially from the present aggregate population of St. Paul and Minneapolis. This, however, is clearly improbable. The history of the entire Western half of the continent shows that those cities which have been compelled to fight the hardest have grown the strongest. Had there been but one city at the head of navigation in the Mississippi River, the present advanced state of development of the Northwest might not have been reached for half a century, as the incentive to rapid growth would not have been called into existence. Even in the progressive Northwest, cities do not grow, and uncultivated stretches of country do not fall into the line of civilization, without the energetic help and direction of plucky and progressive men. The inhabitant of St. Paul or Minneapolis, therefore, who asserts that one city would have been as large as the present two merely discredits his own efforts in building up and making prosperous his chosen place of residence. Moreover, the present condition of the two causes that bisected Minnesota's centre of population proves what I have said. Minneapolis no longer uses the Falls of St. Anthony to any extent for motive power, and St. Paul no longer looks upon the river traffic as an important part of her prosperity. In the one case, the steam-engine has taken from the falls their industrial activity; and in the other, the numerous railway lines converging at St. Paul have reduced the profits in steam-boating to an unattractive basis.

There is something for regret in this decline of steam-boating on the great river, for a picturesque and stirring feature of American life has disappeared to return no more. Even though the river business could be restored to its former volume, the old spirit would not come back, because, at best, it was little more than a peculiar characteristic of that still more peculiar time when civilization and barbarism met on equal terms, and when liberty and slavery went almost hand in hand. None of those conditions exists now. Slavery is no more than a faded memory, and barbarism a tradition of days that knew neither railroads nor builders of cities.

St. Paul still does a good share toward keeping up the trade of the river, chiefly for the reason that machinery and other heavy goods can be brought to the Northwestern markets from Cincinnati and Pittsburgh more cheaply by water than by rail. There is little or no feeling of sentiment in St. Paul's desire to build wing dams and keep the channel free of obstructions. St. Paul cares about as much for the picturesque and poetic side of the river traffic as she does for the riparian laws of the Hottentots, if they have any; her interest is the one interest of business. It is only the old resident of the lower Mississippi Valley who feels any touch of sentiment in thinking of the great waterway, and, in many cases, he is some old-time planter who sits on his crumbling levee mourning for the distorted past, and perhaps dreaming of a more impossible time yet to come. Neither St. Paul nor the rest of the Western country has much sympathy with this feeling, for the reason, I think, that the Western people, as a rule, take little interest in anything that cannot hold its own in business. The average Western man is not a person of sentiment. His time, his thoughts, and his energies are given to business. By the process of growth he has become a wonderfully skilful manager in everything that has even a remote connection with the transaction of business. Characteristics that the unheeding stranger takes for entirely extraneous personal attributes are merely the more polished and finished methods of concentrating events and existing things into the one common movement of business. In the hands of this masterful operator every known contingency of human life is made to pay tribute to business. Sickness and death are not overlooked. In an enterprising city west of the Missouri River I have seen an undertaker knocking on the door of a sick man's house for the purpose of soliciting an order for the prospective funeral. When I expressed surprise at this remarkable occurrence, I was informed that it was the usual way of keeping the undertaking business properly before the public. To the Eastern man such a method of procedure would add a new terror to death. In the pioneer communities of the West the jostling common school of competition produces at times rather grotesque results.

In St. Paul, however, these formative business methods are rarely seen, chiefly for the reason that here the commercial conduct of the West and Northwest reaches its highest state of development. As compared with many of their neighbors and rivals, the people of St. Paul do business more in a wholesale way, which gives the man of affairs better scope for the exercise of his trained abilities. For the young man who has received his business training in the rough-and-tumble life of a pioneer town, St. Paul has many advantages as an educator in the higher conduct of commercial matters. In this respect St. Paul might be considered the business university of the Northwest. Nowhere in the West outside of Chicago can the management of corporate interests be studied to better advantage than in St. Paul. Some of the large railways of the Northwest have their head-quarters here, and various Eastern banking, loan, and insurance corporations have important branches, with buildings of their own, and practically a separate and distinct system of business management. In addition, the local corporations are, for the most part, more extensive than the size of the city seems to justify, which illustrates what I have said concerning the wholesale character of St. Paul's business. Since the early settlement of the place this distinguishing trait of character has been predominant, nor has the city changed the nature of its business with increased population and new opportunities, like other American cities that I have visited. It is a curious phase of urban development that some places that began life as promising commercial centres grow great as manufacturing points. St. Paul has been consistently a wholesale trader since the days when the Indians brought furs down to the confluence of the Mississippi River with the Minnesota River to trade with the casual white man. The Northwest is disposed to look upon St. Paul as an old city, and they connect it, by some unexplainable foreshortening of events, with Recollet and the early French voyageurs, or perhaps, in a yet more misty and uncertain way, with De Soto and his adventurous followers; yet the actual fact is that the first log cabin was built on the site of St. Paul in 1838. The date of the arrival of the first white settler is given as 1832, but whether this hardy and fearless person slept in a hollow log or hired lodgings of friendly Indians contemporary history does not say. It took the first log-cabin builders nine years to get together a community of fifty people, yet in 1847 they measured off a town site, and set to work to build a city. In that year there seemed to be among Western people a sort of mania for laying out town sites in remote parts of the primeval wilderness. There was what might be called a real-estate movement in all parts of the country west of the Allegheny Mountains, and as land could be had for the asking, there was no lack of opportunity for all sorts of town-site ventures. Here and there one of these ambitious projects would take actual shape, and a town would grow up in a leisurely way on the site. It was within a year or two of this time that Milwaukee and Madison and other Northwestern places came into existence, along with several score of others that have not been heard of since.

With the beginning of steam-boating on the upper Mississippi, the people who were scattered aimlessly about the country began to concentrate at the head of navigation, and those who decided to make their homes elsewhere in the surrounding wilderness naturally looked to St. Paul as the base of their supplies. At this point, where navigation came to an end, the heralds of civilization and the representatives of barbarism met on a common level. The steam-boats and the birch-bark canoes exchanged cargoes, and went their ways. As time wore on, the canoes made longer and longer voyages, for the white passengers of the steam-boats pushed farther and farther into the red man's wilderness, and built their homes. Thus the circle of civilization about St. Paul widened and grew, and with each increase in its scope the new settlers added to the business of St. Paul, so that in time a thriving commercial town perched itself on the bluff above the head of navigation. Then railroads came in, and widened yet more the circle of St. Paul's tributary country, to the end that not only all of Minnesota, but parts of Wisconsin and Dakota, contributed to the general business. Shrewd men carried this process of development to its natural conclusion by building railroads that stretched west to the Pacific Ocean and northwest into the wheat fields of Manitoba. Other railroads were built to fill in the open spaces left by these great lines, so that to-day all parts of the magnificent empire of the Northwest pay tribute to St. Paul.

This is the simple story of St. Paul's growth; this is the secret of her wealth and power. It is a story that any one can understand, and that he who runs may read. It will be seen at a glance that under the circumstances St. Paul's growth was natural and reasonable. I do not think that the people made any special effort toward booming the place; at least not as booming is considered in Kansas City or Wichita. At the same time, however, they let nothing slip past them that might in any way benefit the city. They have shown commendable alertness in encouraging new enterprises and in checkmating the advances of neighboring rivals.

The rivalry of St. Paul and Minneapolis, the two chief cities of the Northwest, is an amusing study to the careful observer, as it is the visible culmination of the Western man's skill in making everything pay tribute to business. In the minds of people outside of the State of Minnesota there exists a most bitter and perpetual rivalry between St. Paul and Minneapolis. The people of St. Paul are popularly supposed to go even to the extreme of lying in wait with clubs for such citizens of Minneapolis as might creep into St. Paul in disguise to spy out important business secrets; and I have been asked in more than one State of this enlightened country if St. Paul merchants refused to sell goods to residents of Minneapolis! There is, indeed, a rivalry between St. Paul and Minneapolis; but it is a rivalry for revenue only. The almost deadly hatred which the people of the two cities are supposed to feel for each other does not exist. Instead of figuratively flying at each other's throats when they meet, the shrewd people of St. Paul and Minneapolis make plans by which credulous people in other parts of the country may be induced to come in and increase the population, and thereby swell the volume of business. Apart from its influence on business, neither St. Paul nor Minneapolis has any interest in this twin-city rivalry. The actions of the two places remind me of the pretty rivalry of two handsome and amiable sisters. What one sister becomes possessed of in the way of dress or adornment, the other must have; family attentions accorded to one must immediately include the other; and so on, through a long series of interesting and charming incidents which extend even beyond the marriage of each. When St. Paul gets a new adornment in the way of a fine church, an imposing business block, or an additional public enterprise, Minneapolis straightway gets something of the same kind just as good, or perhaps better. As each accession to either city is received by the newspapers with proper civic pride and congratulations, together with incidental references to individual superiority, the unsuspecting and innocent outside public gets the idea that a tremendous and acrimonious rivalry exists between St. Paul and Minneapolis. So wide-spread is this idea, and so artfully has it been fostered by the actions of the twin cities, that the modest assertions occasionally seen in the local newspapers, to the effect that St. Paul and Minneapolis practically have all interests in common, and that the two communities are bound together in bonds of commercial and social union, are scoffed at as the art that conceals art, whereas, in reality, the modest assertions are true, and the over-wise scoffers in error.

There can be no doubt that the amiable rivalry that actually does exist has been of great benefit to each city, and also to the Northwest in general. It gave progressive men a lever with which to pry up from their deep-rooted conservatism many people who otherwise would have done nothing to help build their local community. In addition it advertised the two cities throughout the entire country, and caused people to look with interest upon their growth and their achievements. To the average man there is nothing so interesting as a race, a rivalry, or a contest of some kind, especially when the contestants are evenly matched. Thus the bare announcement that St. Paul has a population of two hundred thousand creates little outside interest, but when it is coupled with the assertion that Minneapolis claims to have a population of two hundred and fifteen thousand, there are suggestions of rivalry about it that instantly catch the popular attention. Any indication of rivalry makes a strong appeal to Eastern people who have decided to make their homes and, if possible, their fortunes in the West. The home-seeker naturally wants to settle in an enterprising, thriving place. There is money to be made in a bustling town, and as people are not disposed to go West for their health, the locality that seems to be the most promising in the matter of making money gets the pick of the West-bound settlers.

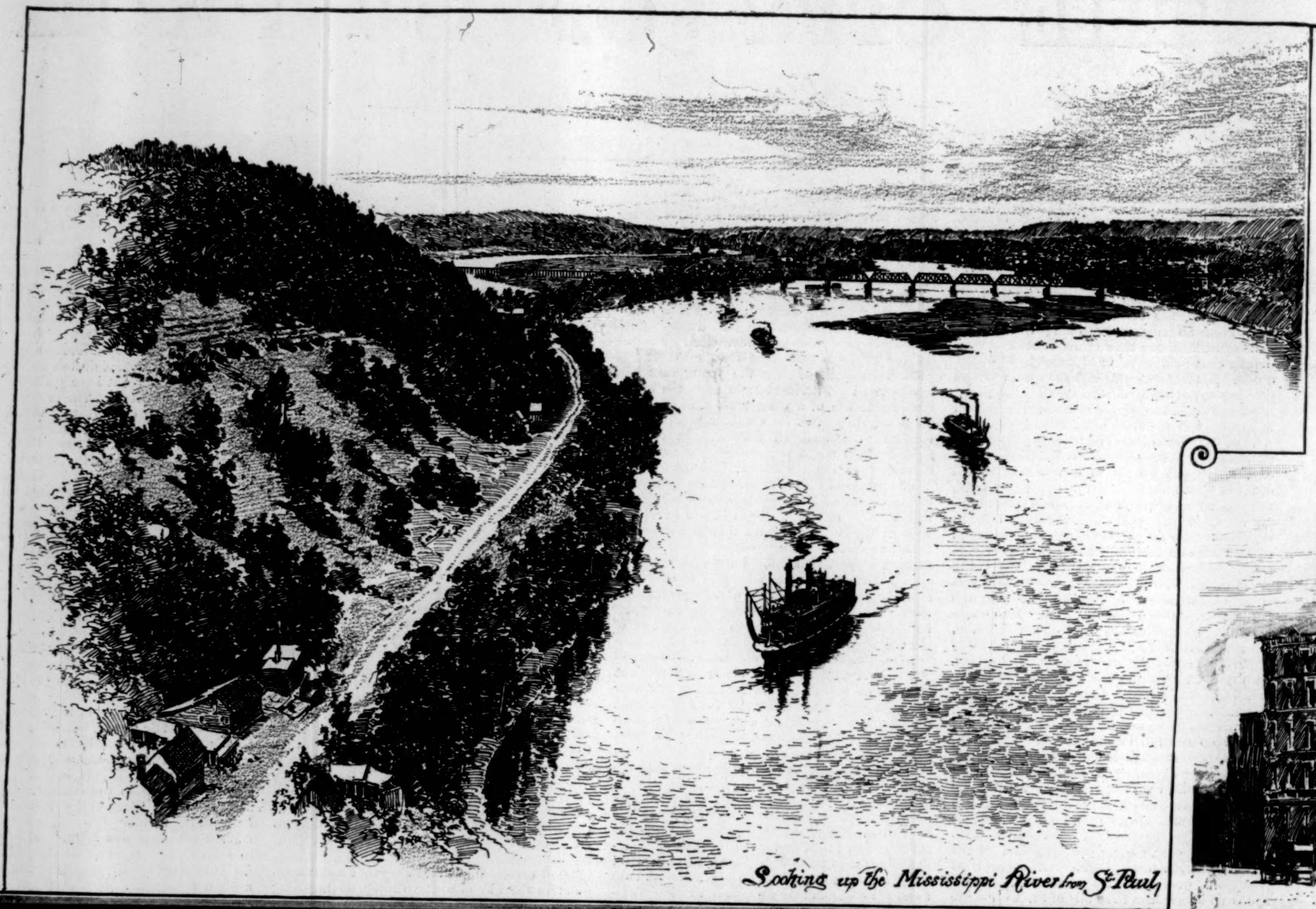
No one can doubt that St. Paul has taken her pick of the throngs that swarm Westward each year. For proof of this the visitor has only to consider the architectural attractions in the residence streets, the general air of prosperity in the business thoroughfares, the schools and educational institutions, and the countless other things that help to make St. Paul one of the best-known cities of the West. The careful observer does not need to be told that St. Paul is inhabited by people of more than ordinary intellectual calibre; he will see it for himself in the streets, in the business houses, and in the home life of even the busiest of the men who manage railroads, conduct large business interests, or develop the raw resources of the newer country to the North and West.

It is the architecture, more than any other one thing, I think, that gives the visitor this opinion of the people. There are plenty of huge business structures built upon imposing lines and far-reaching ideas, but few of them, it is just to say, have been overdone or made ostentatiously distinctive. To my mind, this is an evidence of general good sense as well as good taste that should not be overlooked. The most conspicuous building in the city—by reason of its commanding situation and architectural pretensions—is the new City Hall, but as an architectural ornament it is a sad failure. A great deal of money has been spent on it that might have given to the city a more sightly structure. The tower, which is intended to be the chief feature of the building, seems to be a weak imitation of designs of the late H. H. Richardson. As usual with copies of works of positive genius, the imitation is so badly done as to make it seem worse than it really is. The rest of the building is not an imitation of anything in particular, nor is it an original creation of any consequence. The erection of this structure, when so much better might have been done with the same money, cannot be too keenly regretted, as it is to public buildings that individual builders look for precedent and instruction, and, further, as it tends to give travelling foreigners a mean opinion of American culture in this important factor of modern civilization. The office building of the Manitoba Railway Company, which makes no architectural pretensions whatever, is more pleasing to the eye than the City Hall is, and that too without counting in the massive arched doorway of the railway office.

It is only fair to say, however, that the City Hall is rather an exception to the general good taste in St. Paul architecture, for there are a number of new buildings here that would do credit to any city in the country. Conspicuous among them is the towering structure recently built for the *Pioneer Press*. It is not only a permanent ornament and substantial improvement to the city, but an unmistakable monument to the enterprise, ability, and steadfast purpose of a great newspaper. Incidentally it shows with what matchless speed the city has grown. Here is a city only half a century old, and yet one of her newspapers has felt justified in building an office a dozen stories high, at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars. There could be no more striking evidence of the triumph of Northwestern progress than that, and yet this massive pile of brick and stone is none too good a home for the *Pioneer Press*, which, in the hands of Mr. Frederick Driscoll and Mr. J. A. Wheelock, is one of the most highly respected and influential newspapers in the Western half of the continent.

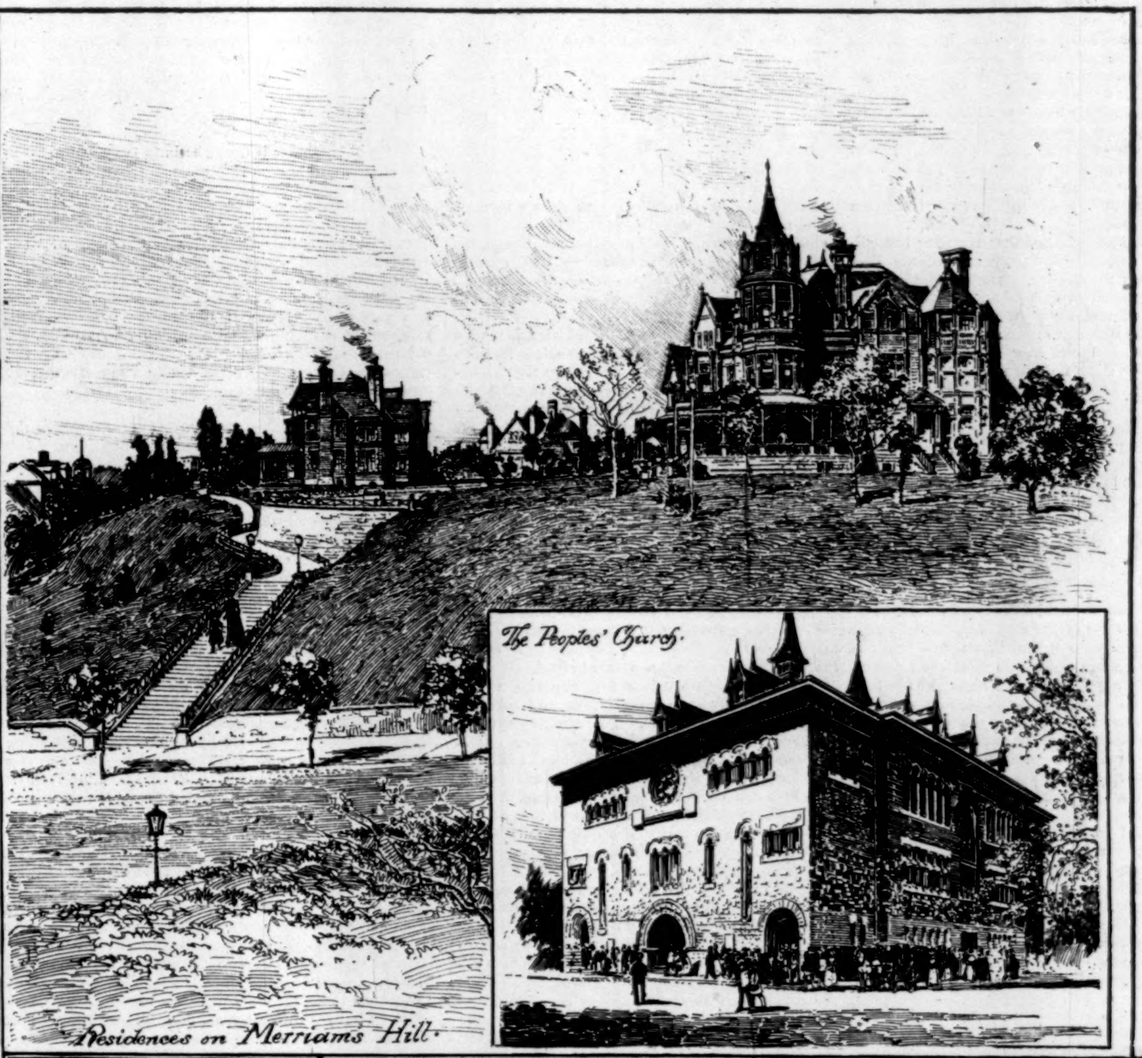
In this instance not only interurban, but also local rivalry must have had a beneficial effect, for the splendid ten-story building of the St. Paul *Globe* had been for some time the dominating architectural feature of Northwestern journalism. The fact that the *Globe* had a similar handsome building in Minneapolis also made the newspaper situation doubly interesting. For that matter, it is one of the *Globe's* aims in life to make things interesting in a variety of ways. It publishes all the news that is worth publishing, and it deals with current issues with a sturdiness and a vigor of expression that leave no doubt of the sincerity of purpose behind them. Mr. Lewis Baker, the publisher, was known as a journalist of more than usual force of character before he made his home in St. Paul, and no one, I fancy, will assert that in this wider field of enterprise he has lost any of his aggressive force. Mr. Baker has made the *Globe* one of the best papers in the country, and for this much, at least, his abilities and his integrity should have due appreciation. Journals as able and as bright as the *Globe* are far too few even in cities much larger than St. Paul.

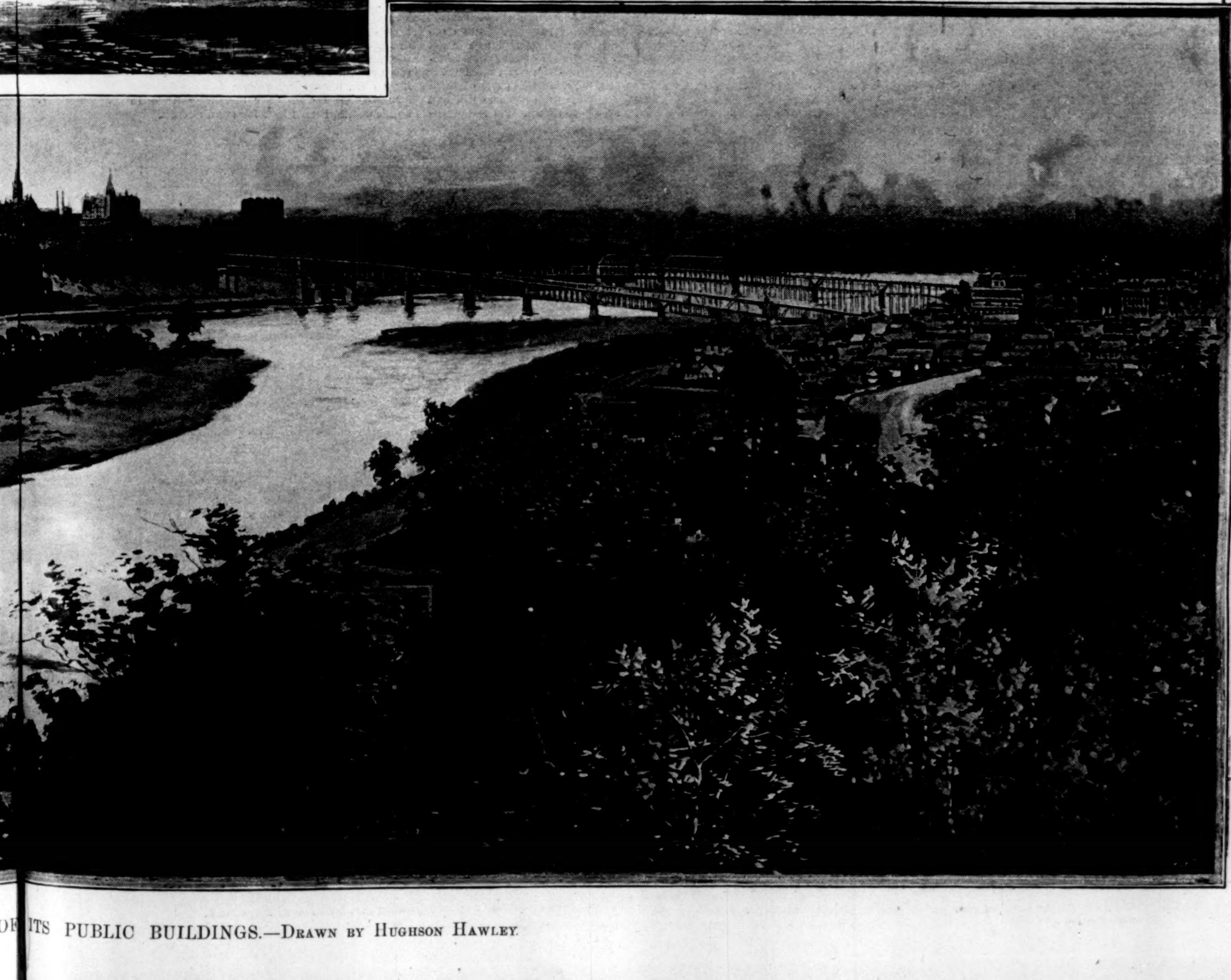
There is yet a chance for St. Paul to get a public building that shall be a credit to her. The present State Capitol should be replaced by a structure more in conformity with the dignity and importance of the State of Minnesota than the present building seems to be, and when this is done, a tangible effort should be made to provide something that shall serve as a lesson in good architecture for several generations to come. With a new Capitol, St. Paul would have a substantial background for the imposing arrays of business blocks that now fill the down-town streets. In the architecture of the private houses there is little chance for more than casual criticism. Most of the places of residence that make any pretensions toward architectural display are good, although none might be called actually brilliant. They are sensibly built, tasteful houses, such as one might expect of practical-minded business people. The unassuming good taste is apparent everywhere among the residence streets. One recognizes it as readily in the small cottage as in the elaborate design of professional skill. This is what makes the asphalt or wooden streets of St. Paul such delightful driving places of a summer afternoon, for there is a reasonable certainty of coming upon nothing incongruous or distasteful to the artistic eye. In every street there are evidences all about of business prosperity and social culture. There are miles of smooth, well-shaded thoroughfares lined thick on either hand with handsome houses and carefully



Looking up the Mississippi River from St. Paul,

THE CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, AND SOME OF ITS





OF ITS PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.

kept lawns, while here and there, in vacant spaces, other fine places of residence are rising up from the newly broken turf. The visitor does not need to ask about the prosperity of St. Paul, for he sees it everywhere. One peculiar thing that astonished me in a two days' drive through St. Paul, in company with a gentleman whose acquaintance seemed to include every other person in the city, was the remarkable number of cases in which poor young men from the East had married wealthy young women in St. Paul, and settled down to lives of social and commercial importance. This seems to be a phase of the Western question that neither the illustrious Horace Greeley nor any one else in particular has given much attention.

It suggests possibilities that the poor but cultured and enterprising young men of the East will do wisely to consider, especially as the average wealthy young woman of St. Paul has charms of mind and manner that make her a double prize to one who can appreciate her. I was at some pains to inquire how most of these marriages in St. Paul had turned out, and I was pleased to find that, as far as my inquiries went, the cases of domestic unhappiness were very few indeed.

"Now there was John," said a relative of one of these fortunate young men. "John was as nice and amiable a young fellow as you would wish to see, and when he told me he was going to marry, I urged him not to do it, because the girl would be sure to remind him pretty sharply now and then that if it had not been for her money he would never have come to anything.

"'I'll see to that,' said John; and he did. The wife had a temper of her own, do you see, and it wasn't three months before that temper got the better of her, and then there was a small domestic squall. Sure enough, she threw in his face the fact of the money, although John never gave her any cause for it. What do you suppose John did? He walked to the hat rack, put on his hat, and said: 'My dear, I do not need your money. I lived comfortably and happily enough before I had it, and I can go back and do so again. Good-day!'

"With that he walked down the hall and out of the door. She was dumb for one breathless, awful instant, and then before he reached the steps she had her arms around his neck. 'Come back,' she said, 'and I'll never say money again as long as I live. You know I didn't mean it.' 'No,' he replied; 'but you said it.' So they both went back with their arms around each other's necks. To-day, sir, they are the happiest young people in St. Paul. But it was a mighty close shave—a mighty close shave."

Perhaps one reason why there is such a touch of actual romance in marrying and giving in marriage in St. Paul is the fact that if a young man of ordinary abilities stays in St. Paul long enough he will become wealthy anyway, whether he marries or not. People seem to have unlimited faith in the future of deserving young men who make their homes in St. Paul. However this may be, there are certainly a surprising number of persons in St. Paul who do not deserve to have wealth, and yet who have so much of it that they do not know what to do with it. These persons are rich through no fault of their own. They became rich because they could not help it. The city grew up all about them, and made them rich, and they did not know it until real-estate buyers began to offer them what seemed to be fabulous sums for their garden patches. Then, when they actually wallowed in wealth, would they join any public-spirited movement to benefit the city? would they subscribe to any deserving charity? or would they do anything to show appreciation of the magical change in their circumstances? No, not a cent—not one cent. It is marvellous that people who have come to wealth through the push and energy and liberality of others should be so unthinkably mean and narrow-minded. There are such persons in all the stirring cities of the West, and those that I have met seem to have little shrivelled-up souls like corrugated peas.

In striking contrast to such undesirable people are the men who have themselves achieved wealth by building up the town and the country roundabout. They are shrewd, enterprising, public-spirited, and liberal. To concentrate their individual ideas and actions, they maintain the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, the duty of which is to regulate as far as may be the business interests of the community, and to encourage the growth of the city in all ways possible. The executive officer of the organization is the secretary, Mr. Alfred S. Tallmadge, whose practical experience as a St. Paul business man especially fits him for the work. So diversified are the classes of business represented in the Chamber of Commerce that the membership includes nearly everybody, from retail grocers up to editors of newspapers and railway presidents. It is the most representative body in St. Paul, although the Minnesota Club comes rather near it in the matter of representing the brains and business enterprise of the State. The Minnesota Club, however, is strictly a social organization. It is the only one of consequence in St. Paul, I believe, although various social, musical, and literary clubs are in existence. The literary element, it must be acknowledged, is not very strong. St. Paul is hardly a literary city. The only literary publication is *The Northwest Magazine*, which owes its prosperity more to the literary reputation of Mr. Eugene V. Smalley, its editor and publisher, than to any demand for a Northwestern literature. It is a curious commentary on this state of things that in St. Paul Mr. Smalley seems to be appreciated quite as much for his prominence as a director of the Chamber of Commerce and his identification with the affairs of the Northwest as for his literary distinction; whereas in the East he is known only as a journalist of note and an entertaining magazine writer. Moreover, I fancy that the readers of *The Northwest Magazine* care more for the illustrated articles on the new towns and the new business of the Northwest than for all the rest of the reading matter taken together. This indicates quite as well as anything else that I could mention the prevailing characteristics of St. Paul people.

This is not at all strange, however, as St. Paul is greatly interested in the progress of the new towns of the Northwest. Thriving Northwestern towns indicate a prosperous tributary country, which in turn guarantees plenty of business for the railroads, and increased trade for St. Paul commercial houses. Anything that helps the railroads the people are naturally concerned about, for St. Paul is, above all things, a railroad and shipping centre. The Northern Pacific Railroad begins here, and ends on the shore of the Pacific Ocean. On its way across half the North American continent it draws tribute from country large enough and rich enough to be thrice an empire in itself. The St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railroad covers not only a large part of the Northwest, but in addition penetrates into the grain fields of the British possessions to the north. This is one of the strong and growing roads of this part of America. The Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha Railroad, which is a part of the Chicago and Northwestern system, unites St. Paul with Duluth on the northeast, and with Omaha and other important points on the southwest, and gives traffic connection with all the other lines of the parent system. The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad furnishes a quick, easy, and convenient outlet to Chicago and elsewhere in the East, West, and Southwest. It has long since so far outgrown its name that the line between Chicago and St. Paul is only a small part of the general system. The great Rock Island route, which spreads over the West, Northwest, and Southwest like a spider's web, has an important connection here as a sort of northern limit to its growth. Its southwestern extremity is somewhere down in the southwestern part of the Indian Territory.

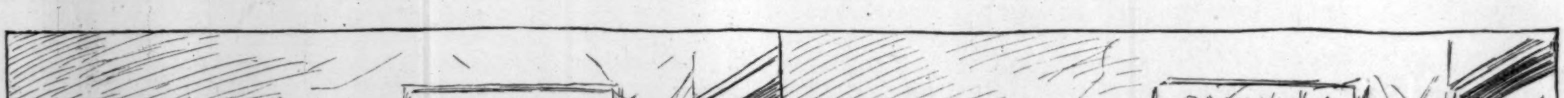
There are half a dozen other railroads that bring grist to St. Paul's mill from all parts of its tributary country, and I have no doubt that if any one will point out any considerable stretch of territory in the Northwest that is not reached by St. Paul railroads, St. Paul people will straightway build a railway to it. The Northwest is by nature and force of circumstances St. Paul's field of enterprise, and St. Paul proposes to have it remain so.

Persons unacquainted with the condition of affairs in the West and Northwest might reasonably infer from the rush of settlers and town builders to the newly opened Sioux reservation lands in South Dakota that there was a scarcity of good land in the young States round about. This is by no means the case. North and South Dakota, Montana, and even Minnesota herself, have plenty of excellent farming land that has never been touched by the plough. Government acres are to be had for the asking, and desirable railroad lands can be purchased on long time at low rates. Why sensible men should ignore the advantages of schools, churches, and convenient railways for the sake of rushing off to an unknown and unbroken country is a matter not easily explained. The lands of the Sioux reservation are no better than the unoccupied lands that I have mentioned, and some parts of them are a great deal worse, as the boomers will find to their cost. I suppose that most of the people who rushed into the Sioux region had vague hopes of making money in town-site speculations, claim-selling, and in other ways known to experienced boomers, and that the rest of them went in because they could not resist the temptation of once more making a settlement in a new country. Except in degree this rush was a repetition of the stampede to Oklahoma, on April 22, 1889. Where Oklahoma counted its thousands, this rush counts only its hundreds. The motive in each case was practically the same, although the Sioux reservation has not been advertised and exploited as the agricultural paradise that Oklahoma was.

The opening of this new region will prove to be a direct benefit to the city of St. Paul, in so far as it will increase the volume of St. Paul's wholesale trade. Omaha will doubtless make a strong bid for the new business, and naturally she will get a share of it; but St. Paul's superior railway connections, added to the energy of her wholesale houses, will give her a decided advantage in this respect.

The shadow of Duluth athwart the northern sky is not so portentous to St. Paul as to Chicago, for St. Paul is not so much a buyer of wheat as a shipper of provisions and supplies to the new towns of the Northwest. So long as those towns show by their activity the increasing productiveness of the country tributary to them, the city of St. Paul may expect to maintain her position in the forefront of Western civilization. As only a comparatively small part of the Northwest is under cultivation, the future of St. Paul may be looked forward to with confidence. What she is now is only the foundation for the nobler structure that time will build.

It may reasonably be assumed, likewise, that the city's attitude toward literature, art, music, and the higher forms of culture is merely a preparation for what may come. Visitors who feel a shade of disappointment at St. Paul's indifference in these matters must remember that the people are not yet done striving for the material condition that gives leisure and opportunity to keep abreast of the culture of an older civilization. So far as art is concerned, at least, a very fair beginning has been made. St. Paul people of means have shown a commendable disposition to brighten their homes with good examples of famous painters. The private gallery of Mr. J. J. Hill, President of the Manitoba Railroad, is one of the finest private collections in the West. The selections have been made with such excellent judgment and appreciation of the best in art, that I doubt if they are surpassed by any private collection of similar size in the country. This is encouraging to persons who look for St. Paul to become one of the most representative of American cities, intellectually as well as in a material sense. I do not see why it should not be so. The city contains many New York and New England people who are fully capable of giving a distinctive tone of intellectual culture to social life, and to place the community in its proper place among the cities of the New World. After a time, when these people, and others fully as capable, get over their unheeding haste to amass wealth, I shall look for them to do it.



A SUCCESSFUL DIAGNOSIS.

SUFFERER. "Dey's a pow'ful ache in one ob dem, sah; but I kyan't tell yo' which one ob dem it am."
SABLE DENTIST. "Well, sah, I'll jest poun' on each one ob dem on dat side wid dis yer li'l' hammer; an' w'en I strikes de right one, yo' holler."

The plan proves successful in so far as locating the affected molar is concerned.

1775–1783.

ARMY UNIFORMS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.—ILLUSTRATED BY H. A. OGDEN.

THE uniform of the United States Army is not splendid. It is hardly interesting. It would be very easy to secure from officers and men adverse verdicts of its adaptation to the needs of those who wear it. There is something sombre about the dark blue blouse and the light blue trousers of the enlisted men—the former relieved by a single row of buttons, and the latter by a red, yellow, or white stripe, according as the wearer is artilleryman, cavalryman, or infantryman. It is not the best uniform that can be devised for field work. The trousers are always too tight, and there are no gaiters into which their bottoms can be gathered and prevented from catching up and accumulating all the loose stuff of the highways and byways, the fields and forests. We are behind the rest of the world in our uniforms, as we are in arms and all munitions of war. The United States Army is not equipped either for show or service. Some of its officers, indeed, make a gallant spectacle in their full-dress — a major-general, for example, with his broad buff sash over his shoulder—is an imposing person ; but even he could stand a good deal more gold-lace than the regulations permit. Perhaps the officer who is most impressive is a handsome young cavalry adjutant, with yellow plume and facings and his gleaming golden aiguillette. In a long parade of American soldiers there will be some bright spots, but they will be only here and there; there will be very little of the pomp and circumstance of the military shows of Europe. Wherever the army is a leading institution of the state, there is not only a great deal of magnificence, but very much variety in the uniforms of the troops. Although the prevailing color of the coats of the British Army is red, there are other colors worn by some of the regiments. The Household Cavalry of the Guards, and the Third Regiment of the Foot-Guards, for example, are clad in blue; while the buff coats and cuirasses of the Lifeguards and the Buffs date back to the days of Charles II. There are also the Scotch and Irish regiments, who wear their national colors. On the Continent the variety is quite as great. A great procession of handsomely uniformed troops is the finest spectacle that men can present to their fellows; but ten thousand men in blue, in heavy marching order, trudging behind a half-score of inefficient buglers, do not inspire the on-lookers with anything but a sense of weariness. It is true that the troops who show themselves in this garb look to be capable of attending thoroughly to their soldierly duties, but it ought not to be necessary to give that assurance on gala-days. What the spectators want on such an occasion is all the splendor in which the soldiers, regular and militia, can array themselves. When a command is as large as the Seventh Regiment of New York, there is no reason why it should not have its distinctive uniform, at least for holiday and parade occasions. If the regular army were as large as it ought to be, there could be no objection to variety of uniform in its ranks, especially in facings or peculiar forms of hat, or other distinctive features of dress, indicating any event or recalling any heroic incident in the history of a corps. However that may be, it is now useless to urge a change of the uniform system of the regular army, and it is undoubtedly well to insist on a State dress for all but large bodies of militia. The objection to variety is that it breaks the apparent solidity of a column, and it is unquestionably true that variety of color in small patches, such as we used to have in New York before the State adopted the regiment as the unit of organization, makes processions look a good deal like huge party-colored clowns.

Uniforms, determined and designed by the government, are of comparatively modern origin. In Great Britain, for example, it was not until the seventeenth century that the government defined uniforms for the army, and it was not until George III. was on the throne that a uniform was prescribed for the Navy. There was a time when each man-at-arms wore whatever defensive armor his lord gave to him. Before Charles II. began the formation of the Household Guards, the basis of the present standing army of Great Britain, the military force of the kingdom was the militia of the counties, commanded by the lord-lieutenants, and officered by the gentry. The law of that day did not exempt any Englishman from the burdens of arms, but he was not necessarily compelled to do service himself. He was simply obliged to maintain, or to help maintain, a man. If his landed property returned to him an income of five hundred pounds a year, or if he had personal estate of six thousand pounds, he was obliged to provide, equip, and pay, at his own charge, one horseman. If his income from land was fifty pounds, or if his personal estate was six hundred pounds in value, he was charged with the maintenance of a pikeman or musketeer. Persons not so well endowed with worldly goods were united into a society, each society being charged with the support of a soldier. It is probable that these bands of militia were uniformed according to the taste, pride, or penuriousness of those at whose expense they were maintained. The life of the soldier was of value to the person charged with him, for, in the event of his death, a new equipment would have to be purchased for the recruit who took his place. Those parts of the soldier's dress, therefore, that were intended for protection—like the helmet, the leather jerkin, and the breastplate—were undoubtedly provided, but the only uniformity that existed in the costumes of the men-at-arms was due to the fact that makers of accoutrements of the early day the world over had a very slender list of patterns. When fire-arms made metal armor useless, and the government undertook the charge of a standing army, officers and military tailors set themselves to the invention of new forms and to attractive combinations of color. It was late in the time of the Stuarts when all this happened, for the foot-soldiers of the army of Charles II. still carried pikes as well as muskets, and the dagger worn in a hanger or thrust into the muzzle was just beginning to develop into the bayonet.

It would be exceedingly interesting to trace the evolution of modern military uniforms from the armor of mediæval knights and men-at-arms, and the gradual development of what is now mere ornament from that which once was wholly utilitarian. The breast and back plates of the cuirassiers of Europe are the showy remnants of what was once the leather jerkin and subsequently the protective mail. The gorget worn by Washington had the same origin. The helmet of to-day is the natural descendant of the casque of the Middle Ages. The aiguillette, whose glittering loops and coils of gold now adorn mounted officers, used to be a cord and pencil for the writing of despatches. It is merely for show in these days, but at its end the form of the pencil is preserved. There is no doubt, I believe, concerning the origin of this particular bit of bravery, although there may be about the suggestion that epaulettes, wings, shoulder-knots and straps are the ornamental reminiscences of the plates, straps, and lacings which in olden times fastened together the front and back plates of armor. In the eighteenth century officers of the infantry still carried spontoons and half-pikes, suggestions of the day when foot-soldiers were pikemen. The body sash, no longer worn in the United States Army, except by general officers, served a purpose generations before standing armies existed. When a warrior was sore wounded, and was prone on the ground in the midst of a fight, but was not yet killed or a prisoner, his comrades laid hold of the sash, and by means of it drew him out of the crowd. There is now no helmet designating rank by the quality or number of the bars of its bearer, but plumes and metal cap ornaments are insignia of rank and corps. We have no longer the shield which proclaimed with its coat-of-arms the identity of its owner; but we have the embroidered epaulette, or knot, or strap, each of which declares the rank of its wearer and the arm of the service to which he belongs. Uniforms developed very slowly, and many years elapsed before the comfort and convenience of the foot-soldiers were considered by those who designed and designated his clothes. His head covering is even yet a matter of apparently very little importance to those who are not obliged to stagger under the burdens which go to make up his necessary equipment. The helmet worn by our troops is neither handsome nor convenient, while the forage-cap is a mere pretence, so far as it is supposed to furnish any protection to its wearer.

The colors used in the uniforms of troops were probably first suggested by the colors and metals of heraldry. Therefore red and blue prevail, while yellow and white, representing gold and silver, are the usual facings. The other colors of heraldry, green and purple, are less frequently employed, and black, or sable, still less often. Modifications of color have naturally followed their introduction into the dress of troops, and the facings of regiments, which also may be said to have taken the place of the blazon on the knight's shield, are no longer limited to the colors of heraldry. We have, at least, the various shades of reds, blues, and yellows, and we do not follow the old rule of the blazoner, that metal may not go on metal and color on color. How our troops of the old French and Indian wars, and of the Revolution, came to adopt the colors of their uniforms is a difficult matter to determine. The theory has been advanced that we wore the blue of the English Whigs, of the Scotch Covenanters, and of the Dutch. It is true that blue, "true blue," was the color of the Covenanters of the Commonwealth and of the Whigs. It is also true that orange and its modification, buff, combined with blue, became distinctive regimental colors in honor of William III., whose Royal Artillery Regiment was clad in blue and buff, very like the uniform adopted by Washington for himself when he took command of the army at Cambridge. Buff and blue, however, were never the national colors. The facings of the uniforms of general officers were buff, and the color continued to be employed in the decoration of collars and cuffs of major and brigadier generals for several years after the close of the Revolutionary war, but there was no distinctive uniform for the American army that won the independence of the country. Several attempts were made by Washington and by Congress to secure uniformity of dress, but they were frustrated by the poverty of the colonies, and by the difficulty of importing cloth while the war was in progress. In 1775 our own textile

1783–1799.

Dragoon. Artillery. Infantry.

1802–1810.

fabrics were made on hand-looms, and it was in the linen and woollen hunting shirts woven and put together by the women that our troops were mostly clad when they were clad at all.

Every colony of the thirteen had its military force. The militia of some of the cities was well drilled and dressed. Some of the commands that fought in the colonial wars with the French and Indians, paraded in honor of royal Governors, escorted the dignitaries to the Commencements of Harvard College, and bore their part in the struggle for American independence, are still in existence. The Governor's Foot-Guards, of Hartford, Connecticut, not only flourish to this day, but continue to wear the scarlet coats, grenadier hats, and half-gaiters which originally composed their uniform. The City Troop of Philadelphia was with Washington, and its dress of to-day is a modification of that which it wore a hundred years ago. There are other military organizations in other cities, whose warrants or charters antedate the Constitution or the battles of Lexington and Concord. There was a good deal of military spirit in the colonies. The necessities of a new country and the neighborhood of hostile Frenchmen and Indians compelled strict enrolment acts. In 1755 a volunteer militia regiment was formed in Pennsylvania, of which Franklin was colonel. Nearly all the inhabitants, except the Quakers, joined the force, which thus early excited the fears of the extreme royalists in England, although it formed part of the permanent army in America, of which the Earl of Loudoun was the commander-in-chief. In Abercrombie's army, in 1758, John Stark and Israel Putnam served with a force of 9000 provincial troops. In this army appeared a body of men whose like, afterward, always carried dismay to the hearts of British regulars. They were "The New England Rangers." They wore the dress of woodmen, and were armed with hatchets in addition to their firelocks. Powder-horns were slung over their shoulders, and at their waists they carried leather bags filled with bullets. Pitt expected that New England and New York would capture Canada, and that the middle colonies would drive the French out of the Ohio Valley.

The Virginia militia formed the best part of all the provincial forces that co-operated with the regulars in the movements in the Ohio Valley. In this service Washington was first an adjutant of a district, then lieutenant-colonel, and then colonel and commander-in-chief of the forces of the colony. His troops were ill-clad, and his own ideas of discipline were constantly thwarted by Governor Dinwiddie. Uniforms were not plentiful, and, at Winchester, he suggested the hunting dress, which he afterward advised for the Revolutionary troops. Uniforms had been so scarce that Colonel Bouquet, of the regular army, expressed his delight with the new dress, writing: "We see nothing but shirts and blankets. . . Their dress should be one pattern for this expedition." It is evident that the use of the American rifle dress for troops originated in the French and Indian war, after Abercrombie had taken command of the army, and Pitt had stirred the colonies to warlike activity.

As to Washington's own uniform at this time, the best authority is doubtless the portrait painted from life by C. W. Peale. There is no reason to suppose that, at this time, Washington had any sentimental reverence for the Whig combination of buff and blue. His old friend Lord Fairfax had been an officer in the Blues, and Peale represents his subject in a blue coat with red facings, and with red waistcoat and breeches. This was then, and is now, the combination of color in the uniform of the British and our own artillery service. If Washington had any choice in the matter of his militia uniform, it is probable that he was influenced by the dress of the independent cavalry company which Fairfax maintained at Greenway Court. Sixteen years after his resignation as an officer of the Virginia militia he was a member of the Continental Congress, and one of its military committee. After the news of Concord and Lexington reached Philadelphia, Washington appeared every day in his place in Congress in uniform. John Adams, who mentions the fact in a letter to his wife, does not describe the uniform, but it is reasonable to assume that it was the one which he wore as a colonel of Virginia militia, and which Peale painted. The buff and blue uniform that he wore when he appeared at Cambridge was doubtless adopted after Congress appointed him commander-in-chief. He was punctilious in the matter of rank designations, and it is likely that he selected the buff and blue as a designation for general officers, and because of its marked contrast with the scarlet uniforms of the enemy.

There is some confusion concerning Washington's uniform. Col. Asa Bird Gardner, whose study of the history of American uniforms has been most thorough, and who must be accepted as an authority on the subject, says that the uniform of Washington's Virginia regiment was blue and buff, and that "this was also the uniform of the '1st Armed Associates' at Alexandria, of which he acted as colonel *ex officio* in 1775." With all deference to Colonel Gardner's authority in general, however, we must prefer that of Peale on this point. His portrait was painted from life in 1772 at Mount Vernon, and there is no reason to doubt its absolute correctness in detail, except for the testimony of J. F. D. Smyth in his *Tour in America*. Smyth felt very bitterly against Washington, and apparently never saw him. His statement as to the color of the Virginia uniform, published nine years after the event in connection with which he mentions it, is not first-rate authority.

No sooner had the affairs at Concord and Lexington occurred than the provincial militia rose. In a letter to Mrs. Adams, written from Philadelphia June 10, 1775, John Adams says:

"Two days ago we saw a very wonderful phenomenon in this city: a field-day, on which three battalions of soldiers were reviewed, making full 2000 men—battalion men, light-infantry, grenadiers, riflemen, light-horse, artillerymen, with a fine train—all in uniforms, going through the manual of exercise and the manœuvres with remarkable dexterity."

The militia of the Middle States were generally clad in blue, with scarlet facings. They wore the cocked hat, or a small round felt hat turned up on one side and fastened with a cockade. Colonel Gardner, in his article on American Uniforms, mentions a New Jersey force of 1100 or 1200 men who, in 1758, were called the "Jersey Blues." They wore blue coats with red facings, gray stockings, and buckskin breeches. A number of the Massachusetts militia wore the red coat of the British service. In a print made in Boston in 1775, representing the fight at Lexington, the provincials are clad in coats of different colors; there are red coats, among others, in combination with buff waistcoats and breeches; while with the blue coats the small-clothes are red. The prevailing uniform in colonial New York was also blue and red. Some companies wore bear-skin caps; some wore green, with crimson facings; others green and buff. Most of the underclothes were white. The uniformed militia, however, were confined to the cities, where wealth and its displays were far from being unknown in the pre-revolutionary days. John Adams, in describing the party which attended Generals Washington, Lee, and Schuyler "a little way on their journey," when they started to go to the army at Cambridge, mentioned "all the delegates from the Massachusetts, with their servants and carriages; many others of the delegates from the Congress; a large troop of the light-horse in their uniforms; many officers of militia besides in theirs; music playing, etc., etc. Such is the pride and pomp of war."

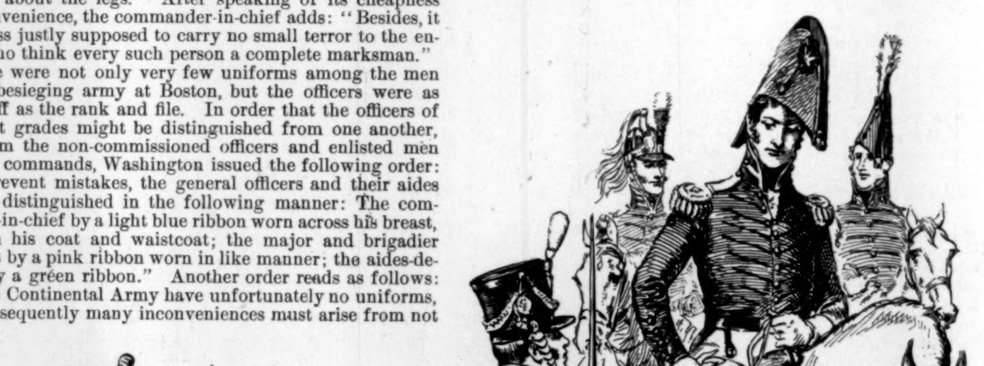
Whatever pride and pomp there was about the departure of the three generals from Philadelphia, and the field-day of the city's militia, there was very little to be found among the troops that were beleaguering Boston. There was never a more unsoldierly gathering than that which besieged the British Army, drove Gage to England in disgrace, and saw the fleet of Howe sail out of the harbor for New York. The New England men had very few uniforms. Here and there were militia companies, who soon wore out the regimentals of their colonial service. The first troops to march into camp, raised under the authority of the Continental Congress, were Morgan's riflemen. They came from Virginia, Maryland, and western Pennsylvania. Nearly all of them were clothed in white linen hunting shirts with furbelows at the wrists, elbows, shoulders, and around the neck. Whenever they appeared they caused a panic among the British troops, who had never met such marksmen, and whose smooth-bores were no match for the rifles of the woodsmen. When they emerged from the forests into Canada they were declared to be clothed in sheet-iron. The first Frenchmen who saw them announced that they were *vêtu en toile*, which, in the course of oral transmission, easily became *vêtu en tôle*. Captain Rawlings's company of Maryland Riflemen were clothed in green hunting shirts and leggings. These leggings, both white and green, were nothing less than trousers, and Colonel Gardner thinks that the modern garment can be traced to them. They were fastened by a strap under the foot, and were tightly buttoned about the ankle. Washington again, as at Winchester, recognized the utility of the riflemen's dress. In a general order dated at New York, July 24, 1776, he "earnestly encourages the use of hunting shirts with long breeches made of the same cloth, gaiter fashion about the legs." After speaking of its cheapness and convenience, the commander-in-chief adds: "Besides, it is a dress justly supposed to carry no small terror to the enemy, who think every such person a complete marksman."

There were not only very few uniforms among the men in the besieging army at Boston, but the officers were as badly off as the rank and file. In order that the officers of different grades might be distinguished from one another, and from the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of their commands, Washington issued the following order: "To prevent mistakes, the general officers and their aides will be distinguished in the following manner: The commander-in-chief by a light blue ribbon worn across his breast, between his coat and waistcoat; the major and brigadier generals by a pink ribbon worn in like manner; the aides-de-camp by a green ribbon." Another order reads as follows: "As the Continental Army have unfortunately no uniforms, and consequently many inconveniences must arise from not being able to distinguish the commissioned officers from the privates, it is desired that some badges of distinction may be immediately provided; for instance, that the field-officers may have red or pink colored cockades in their hats, the captains yellow or buff, and the subalterns green. They are to furnish themselves accordingly. The sergeants may be distinguished by an epaulette or stripe of red cloth sewed upon their right shoulder; the corporals by one of green." One more order was necessary to complete the series. It provided that the major generals should be distinguished from the brigadier-generals by a purple instead of a pink ribbon.

These devices continued to mark the distinctions of rank, at least during the first years of the war. At the battles of Harlem and White Plains there were no uniforms. The officers still wore the colored cockades which Washington had prescribed, and by them alone were they distinguished from their men. Another mark of distinction at these fights was a white stripe worn on the arm by the riflemen. The pretty general adoption of Washington's suggestion, that as many of the troops as were not uniformed should procure hunting shirts, is shown by the fact, mentioned by Colonel Gardner, upon whose researches many of the statements in this article are based, that, at the battle of Long Island, many of the militia were clothed in hunting shirts of different colors, some in black, and others in yellow, green, or blue.

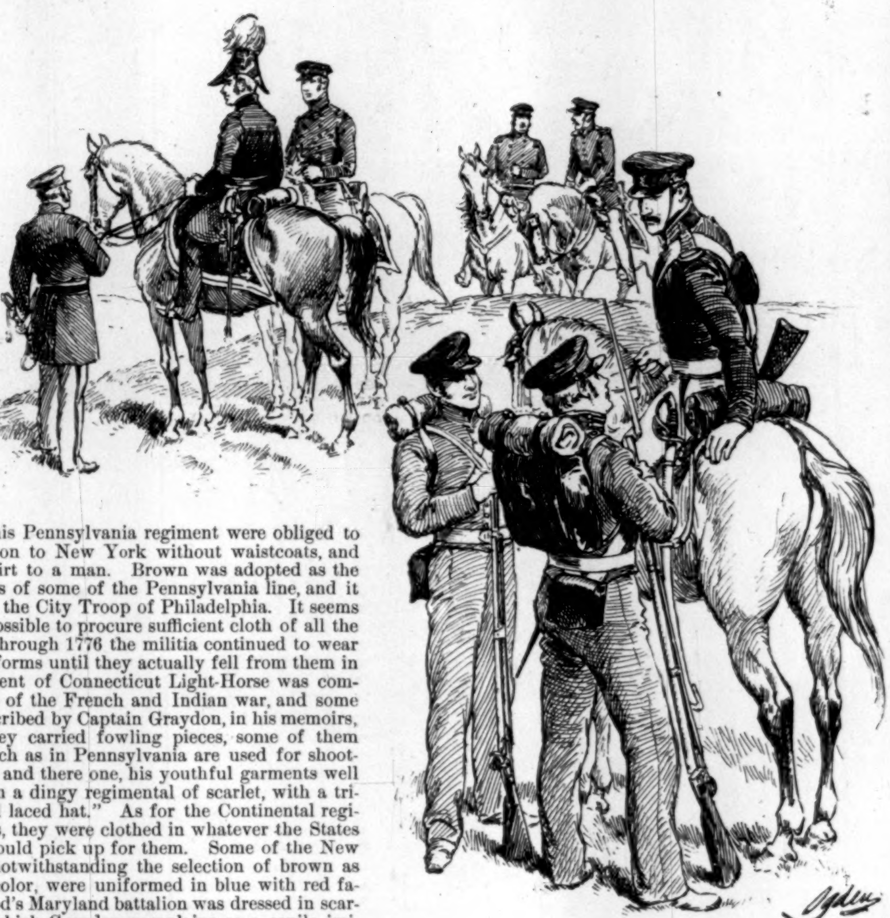
After the first year the army's need was not so much a question of uniforms as of clothes. Washington was continually begging for clothes, food, and ammunition for his troops. From the moment that he took command of the army until the close of the war he was in distress for supplies. At the very outset he found that his army had only nine rounds of ammunition, and Congress would not send him the powder that was absolutely necessary. All the provision that was made came from the colonies themselves. They raised the men, and were responsible for their pay, their clothing, and subsistence. Washington marched his men from Boston to New York, through the Jerseys, and to Yorktown. Often they were without shoes, sometimes without hats, or coats, or breeches. So destitute were they in New Jersey that the women of Philadelphia were begged to send to the army all the cast-off clothing they could find. It was a long time before the Continental Congress could be induced to authorize the enlistment of a standing army, and finally ended by giving Washington sole power in raising forces. Even then, it neglected to provide clothing and supplies for its regulars, who were as destitute as the militia of the colonies had been. In 1775 it enacted that the color of the uniform coats should be brown, and that the regiments should be designated by their facings and their buttons. It was also provided that the uniforms should be paid for by stoppages out of the men's pay. Brown, thereafter, became a prevailing color in the dress of the Continental Army. Buff underclothes were more common than those of any other color, mainly because most of the troops who were fortunate enough to have any substantial garments wore buckskin breeches. The independent companies of New York had gone into the war with their blue coats and red facings, the green of the Bold Foresters, and the silver-lace and gray and scarlet of the other commands. The Connecticut militia had worn out the scarlet coats which the government had on hand when the war began. The two colonies undertook to follow the direction of Congress, but New York only succeeded in procuring a lot of brown, gray, and blue cloth, which had been imported from Canada by an enterprising Albany merchant. The blue coats were faced with crimson, the brown with blue, and the gray with green.

Blue and buff being worn by the commander-in-chief and his aides-de-camp, it would seem probable that some of the colonial regiments would copy the uniform. Captain Lamb's company of New York artillery were ordered to wear the colors of the commander-in-chief. These are said to be the first soldiers of the line of the army to wear the blue and buff, and not many were able to follow their example. In the second year of the war some of the New York troops were well uniformed; but Col. Anthony Wayne complained



Rifle. Artillery. Infantry. Dragoon. Major-General. Field-officer of Infantry.

1813–1821.



1835–1851.

that the men of his Pennsylvania regiment were obliged to march from Boston to New York without waistcoats, and with only one shirt to a man. Brown was adopted as the color for the coats of some of the Pennsylvania line, and it was also worn by the City Troop of Philadelphia. It seems to have been impossible to procure sufficient cloth of all the colors used, and through 1776 the militia continued to wear their colonial uniforms until they actually fell from them in rags. One regiment of Connecticut Light-Horse was composed of veterans of the French and Indian war, and some of them were described by Captain Graydon, in his memoirs, as follows: "They carried fowling pieces, some of them very long, and such as in Pennsylvania are used for shooting ducks. Here and there one, his youthful garments well saved, appeared in a dingy regimental of scarlet, with a triangular tarnished laced hat." As for the Continental regiments, or regulars, they were clothed in whatever the States or the Congress could pick up for them. Some of the New Jersey regulars, notwithstanding the selection of brown as the Continental color, were uniformed in blue with red facings. Smallwood's Maryland battalion was dressed in scarlet and buff, of which Graydon complains as a senile imitation of the British uniform. Washington's body-guard was organized in 1776, and was uniformed in dark blue coats with buff facings, red waistcoat, and buckskin breeches. It is probable, as has been intimated already, that the universally worn buckskin breeches, and not the color of the House of Orange, suggested to Washington buff for facings and waistcoats, just as the buffalo leather jerkin suggested the same color to the Lifeguards and the Buffs of the British Army many years before William and Mary ascended the English throne. Colonel Gardner gives the uniforms of the Pennsylvania regiments of the Continental line as follows: First Regiment, brown and buff; Second, blue and red; Third, brown and white, pewter buttons with "3" stamped upon them, black cocked hats with white tape binding, and buckskin breeches; Fourth and Fifth, blue and white; Sixth, blue and red. Some companies of the Virginia Light Dragoons, a Continental regiment, wore blue coats with red facings, and others were clad in brown coats with green facings. All wore leather breeches.

By 1777 uniforms were even scarcer than they had been during the first two years of the war. There was very little cloth to be had. Many of Washington's army wore the cast-off coats and breeches that had been sent to them in New Jersey by the women of Philadelphia. Colonel Anthony Wayne, of the Fourth Pennsylvania, whose uniform should have been blue and white, describes himself as "dressed in character for Mr. Heath or Captain Gibbet, in a dingy red coat and tarnished laced hat." General Gates is represented in a London engraving dressed in a red coat and buff facings. A uniform in all its details had been prescribed for the four regular artillery regiments. It was to consist of a blue or black coat, reaching to the knee, full lapels, "with ten open-worked button-holes in yellow silk on each lappel (*sic*), and ten large regimental yellow buttons at equal distances on each side, three large yellow regimental buttons on each cuff, and a like number on each pocket-flap." The skirts were to hook back, in order that the red lining might be shown; and the lapels and cuffs were also to be red. The waistcoat and breeches were to be white, the half-gaiters black, and the stock white. The shirts were to be ruffled, the hats cocked and bound with yellow. There were to be red plumes, black cockades, gilt-handled small swords, and gilt epaulettes. Congress and the States at last undertook to procure cloth for both officers and men, but their efforts were fruitless; and regulations of color and cut of coats, of ruffled shirts and gilt epaulettes, of white belts and stocks, must have appeared grimly humorous to the men at Valley Forge, who had neither breeches, shoes, stockings, nor blankets, and who, to perform their camp duties, borrowed the garments of their comrades, who went to bed until their turn came to go on guard, to dig in the trenches, or to fight. Most of the rank and file of the army to which Burgoyne surrendered were in the rags of what had been the working-dress of citizens, principally of farmers. And this was not the worst, for many of the troops were reduced to blankets and bed-coverings for coats, while the officers were clothed in motley, each one wearing a color and fashion not of his taste, but of his necessity. Although uniforms were the exception, both among the regulars and the militia, the variety of dress that had been adopted by the different States was wonderful. The artillery was pretty generally supposed to be clothed in blue and red, but the infantry wore all manner of facings with their blue, brown, and gray coats. Colonel Sumpter's South Carolina regiment wore red coats and black facings. Moylan's cavalry wore green coats faced with red, and round leather hats turned up with bear-skin. Some regiments had sky-blue coats and pale blue facings, supposed to be the origin of the light blue of our present uniform. The uniforms were prescribed, but they were largely imaginary.

Finally, in 1779, in anticipation of material aid from France, Congress authorized Washington to "fix and prescribe" the color, facings, and cut of the clothes to be worn by the troops. Accordingly the commander-in-chief issued an order at New Windsor, New York, in which he urged the soldiers to uniform themselves as follows: The regiments of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, in blue, faced with white; of New York and New Jersey, in blue, faced with buff; of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, in blue, faced with red; of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, in blue, faced with blue. The colors of the artillery were not changed by this order, which directed those of the light dragoons to be blue faced with white.

In 1780 Washington issued another order, at Short Hills, New Jersey, designating the uniforms for general officers and the staff. The major-generals were directed to wear blue coats with buff facings and linings, white or buff underclothes, two epaulettes with two stars on each, and a black and white feather in the hat. The uniform of the brigadier-generals was to be the same, with the exception that their rank should be designated by one star on each epaulette and the feather white. The stars were furnished at head-quarters; and they continue to distinguish the general officers of our army, precisely as was prescribed by Washington in 1780. The field-officers were ordered to wear two epaulettes, the captains one epaulette on the right shoulder, and the subalterns one on the left shoulder. The aides-de-camp were directed to wear the uniforms of their rank and corps, or, if they were not of any arm of the service, the colors of the grade of their general officers. Aides of a major or brigadier general were to wear green feathers, and those of Washington white and green. The feathers of the inspectors were to be blue. The order directed that the uniform of the engineers and sappers should be blue, buff facings, red linings, and buff underclothes. "All officers, as well warrant as commissioned, to wear a cockade and side arms, either a sword or a genteel bayonet." A few days later, Washington advised his officers to wear black and white cockades, typifying the union of France and America, the uniform of the French line being white.

The union of the armies was close at hand when Washington issued this order. His careful attention to details, and his insistence upon strict adherence to his prescriptions, showed that he was determined that his soldiers should appear as smart as possible when they were joined by their French allies. French aid was supposed to have opened to the Congress and the States the markets of Europe, and orders were sent abroad for the cloths and other articles necessary for the new uniforms. Lafayette had purchased the uniforms for the Division of Light-Infantry, and had presented the men with muskets and the officers with swords. This corps was composed of picked men from the infantry line. They were dressed in blue coats with white facings, white waistcoats and breeches, full black leggings, or spatterdashes, and round leather caps crested with horse-hair. They wore white crossed belts, and were almost exact counterparts of the French infantry of the line, except that their coats were blue instead of white. Notwithstanding the French alliance, however, cloth was obtained slowly and in small quantities, and, in 1782, Washington, in order that the regulation blue coats with red facings might be retained, notwithstanding the non-arrival of the cloth expected from Europe, ordered that the coats be turned and refaced with red cloth that would be furnished. The red, however, was also not forth-coming, and Washington then directed that the facings of the infantry coat be white. This order was never rescinded, so the facings remained white.

The Army of the Revolution was never properly clothed, and buff and blue were never the colors of its rank and file, with the exception of the prescribed uniform of the New York and New Jersey regiments, and of the engineers and sappers. They were made the colors of the general officers and the staff near the close of the war, and when Washington saw the opportunity and the occasion for maintaining the military rank and dignity consistent with the cause he served and with his own achievements and character.

From the close of the war of the Revolution until 1861 the uniform of the army has followed very closely the patterns of the French line. The few troops that remained in the service were organized into the "First American Regiment" of infantry, and two companies of artillery. The dress of the infantry regiment was blue, a coat with white facings and linings, white waistcoat and breeches, black cocked-hats, white shoulder-knots, silver epaulettes for officers, white cross-belts, black stocks, black gaiters, and black plumes. The artillery uniform remained blue with red facings, yellow worsted shoulder-knots, buff belts, and a red top to the black plume. These were the colors, reversed in the case of the infantry, of the French troops of the period.

The evolution of the uniform of the army of the United States accords mainly with the movement and development of French military fashions. In the Mexican war, and in 1861, the demand of active campaigns necessitated some modifications for the comfort and convenience of the troops in the field; and in 1881 we adopted the German helmet. The first substantial change in uniform, after the close of the Revolution, was in 1794, when the cavalry were ordered to wear helmets with white horse-hair plumes. Until 1810, the round leather hat of Lafayette's Light Guard was worn by American foot soldiers, and white was for a long time the distinguishing color of the infantry. The distinction was marked in every detail of the soldier's dress, not only in the color and metal of the epaulettes, but in the scabbards, the artillery wearing gilt, and the infantry steel scabbards. In 1796 both the infantry and artillery wore red facings, but the linings and buttons of the infantry uniforms continued to be white. In this year officers of infantry were authorized to wear boots instead of half-gaiters or spatterdashes. In 1794 the artillery adopted the French helmet. It was ornamented with a red plume.

For many years the company and regimental musicians wore red coats and blue waistcoats and trousers.

The colors of the uniforms of general officers had not changed: they remained blue and buff. Their long boots were lined with red, and so made that a little of the red was necessarily displayed. The commander-in-chief wore a white plume; a major-general black and white, and brigadier-generals red and white. At this time the infantry wore white pantaloons on occasions of parades and reviews, and on other occasions blue pantaloons edged with red. The difference between the artillery and the infantry dress consisted mainly in the color of the linings, not in the facings. The tight pantaloons, the black half-gaiter, were still in use, and continued to form part of the uniform for several years. The flank companies of the infantry were distinguished by white and red plumes, and of the artillery by black and red. Other changes were made by the order of 1799. The coat of the cavalry, early in the year green and white, was subsequently made green with black collar, cuffs, and lapels, the skirts turned up with black. The waistcoat was white, and the breeches of white leather. The cap was a leather helmet with a black horse-hair plume, which resembled a little more closely the helmet of the French cuirassiers. It was in 1802 that Jefferson ordered the French leather cap with a strip of bear skin on the top. Otherwise the changes in the uniform were not very great. By this time blue cloth had displaced buckskin leather or buff for winter pantaloons. White pantaloons were worn only in summer. The hat of the officers at this time was the immense *chapeau bras.* It was worn by general, field, and line officers. Artillery officers continued to wear gold epaulettes, and infantry officers silver.

1851–1858.

The coats were of the form now known as cut-away, as they had been during the Revolution, and continued to be until the war of 1812. They showed the waistcoat, which was therefore an important feature of a soldier's uniform. So long as coats of this form were worn, the trousers were tight, and they terminated in half-gaiters. There were no body belts. The infantry had double cross-belts, the artillery and cavalry single shoulder belts, to which hangers, swords, cartridge-boxes, and bayonets were attached. The gorget, which was worn through the Revolution, the survivor of the breast-plate, disappeared, and an oval plate on the belt took its place.

The hair was tied up in cues, the length of which and the manner of arranging, it being minutely described in General Alexander Hamilton's order of 1799. But in 1801 Gen-

1858–1870.

eral James Wilkinson, for the sake of the appearance and cleanliness of the men, ordered the hair to be cut short, and announced that the general-in-chief would set the example. Afterward an order was issued directing that whiskers should not extend lower than the bottom of the ear. The order for cropping the hair is still in force, and beards were not allowed to be worn until 1853. The West Point cadets are still obliged to shave clean.

Designations of rank for non-commissioned officers were somewhat changed in the period which elapsed between the Revolution and the war of 1812. Washington had established the stripe as a reward for service, and his insignia for sergeants and corporals have been described. At that time chevrons had not been used. In 1799 the sergeants were ordered to wear a red worsted epaulette on the right shoulder, and the corporals one on the left shoulder. Company officers were not to wear plumes. Cadets were distinguished by a strap on the right shoulder. The wing made its appearance in 1800. It was a pad of cloth running across the shoulder, fastened by a strap extending from the pad to a button at the collar, and terminated with a slight fringe. The artillery troops wore wings. Commissioned officers wore silk sashes, and non-commissioned officers worsted sashes. The chief musician was distinguished by two blue epaulettes. The non-commissioned officers of the corps of cadets wore yellow worsted epaulettes.

In 1808 the general officers were ordered to wear single-breasted coats. From the buttons of the front and the skirt extended long blind button-holes in what was known as the herring-bone form—that is, running upward from the button—the whole presenting an appearance not unlike the back-bone of a herring. General officers were now permitted to embroider their collars and cuffs. At this time there was a fashion of immensely high collars, and the army regulations prescribed that the collar should rise to the tip of the ear, "which will determine its width."

In 1810 the coats of the troops were all single-breasted, and had no facings. These coats were of the swallow-tail pattern, and like those still worn by the Seventh New York regiment. Just before they were selected by our own military authorities they were adopted by the French troops. With them disappeared the tight-fitting trousers, and the modern garment without half-gaiters came in. They have remained part of the uniform of the United States ever since, notwithstanding that their loose and flopping bottoms add nothing whatever to the attractions of campaign service. The French went back to the tight trousers and the spatter-dashes in 1816, and still later developed the loose trousers of the *chasseurs-à-pied* with the modern leather gaiter. Our own troops have fought the wars of 1812, 1848, and 1861 in "pantaloons"; and a high army authority has announced that "breeches that were good enough to whip the enemies of the country in are good enough for anything." The single-breasted coats were braided with lace running directly from the buttons.

At the same time there was introduced what was probably the greatest monstrosity that ever disfigured a soldier. It was nothing more nor less than a civilian's black silk hat. The troops of the line were not compelled to wear this ungainly head-piece many months, but the cadets of West Point suffered longer.

In 1812 general officers wore *chapeaux* without feathers. Their blind button-holes in herring-bone form were worked and embroidered in blue twist. Vests and breeches were buff for the general officers and white for others, although blue trousers were permitted in winter and white in summer. The medical staff was dressed in black. The two stars for the epaulettes of major-generals and the one star for brigadier-generals, which were prescribed by Washington in 1780, were ordered again in the regulations of 1813. High military boots, gilt spurs, were ordered. The general staff were directed to carry yellow-mounted sabres with black or yellow grip. The rest carried straight swords. Sashes went out for the first time, and black waist belts were worn by the staff, and by cavalry and artillery officers. The form of the buttons changed. They had been flat, now they were bullet-shaped. The coats were braided both on the breast and the skirts. The braiding on the skirts was in the herring-bone form. The buttons and loops of the artillery *chapeau* were yellow. The sword was what was known as "cut and thrust."

The light dragoons, for undress, wore a blue single-breasted coat, with one row of plated bullet buttons with straight blind hole. The stand-up collar, characteristic of the new coat, which was also closely buttoned, was worked with silver braid. The trousers were made, as they had always been, with a fall, and the fall of the dragoons' was worked with silk braid. Their full-dress consisted of a hussar jacket with three rows of plated bullet buttons. There was a wealth of blue silk braiding on the breast, collar, sleeves, and skirts of the coat. The vest was white, and the trousers, for parade, were white or buckskin. Dark blue trousers were worn for service. The dragoon boots covered the knee, and the spurs were white. The epaulettes were silver. The adjutant wore a white plume with a blue top, the quartermaster a green plume, the paymaster a blue plume and red top. The cloak was of the hussar pattern, with sleeves. Bars were used on the housings to denote the rank of troop officers—three for captains, two for lieutenants, and one for cornets. The holsters were bear-skin. Sergeants wore two white worsted epaulettes, and corporals one epaulette on the right shoulder. The dragoon armament consisted of pistols, sabres, steel scabbards, buff leather waist belt, white plate in front with the eagle in relief, and silver sword-knot.

In 1814 an order was issued taking the white lace and cords from the jackets of the officers and men.

The light artillery officers wore a coatee which was in form like the present dress-coat of the West Point cadets. There were three rows of buttons, the button-holes being worked diagonally in blue twist. The collars were high, and ornamented with blind button-holes. The vest was white cassimere or doeskin for winter, and white jean or nankeen for summer. The trousers, white for parade, and dark blue for service. Hussar boots were worn. The cocked hat gave way to the black leather bell-crowned shako with visor, which had been adopted by the French. A gold band and tassel fell from the crown of the right side, and there was a gilt plate in front. The plumes were white, tipped with red. Epaulettes were worn as in the Revolutionary army. In this respect also we followed the French. The plumes of the quartermaster were green, and of the paymaster red. The burgings were red, and of the medical staff, blue. The armament consisted of sabres, gilt scabbards, black waist belt, a plate in front with eagle in relief, red sash, sabre suspended by a chain, cut-and-thrust swords, with black scabbards, for undress.

The undress coat was long, the skirts sloping from the hips. On social occasions, knee-breeches and shoes were permitted, and yellow knee-buckles were prescribed. Chapeaux bras without plumes were permitted. Non-commissioned officers wore yellow epaulettes.

The officers of the infantry dressed like those of the artillery, except that the sword was of sabre form, with silver or plated mountings. The epaulettes, buttons, spurs, and trimmings of the infantry were silver or plated.

A new uniform was adopted in the army at this time. It was the gray of the enlisted men of the riflemen. Colonel Gardner is of the opinion that the selection of this color was due to the difficulty of procuring blue cloth while the embargo lasted. The coat was short and single-breasted. The buttons were flat and yellow, and were ornamented with a bugle surrounded by stars, the number of the regiment being within the curve of the bugle. The blind button-holes, in herring-bone form, were worked in black, and the leather cap, ornamented like the buttons, bore a green pompon in front. Here, again, in the adoption of green for riflemen, we followed the French. Waistcoats and trousers were also gray. The officers wore artillery uniforms except in active service, when they dressed like their men. Most of the troops who fought in Canada wore the gray uniform, which was adopted in 1815 for the West Point cadets, in honor of the victories won in Canada, when the high silk hat was also prescribed.

In 1816 wings of gold bullion were authorized for officers of artillery and light infantry. The uniform of the ordnance corps was like that of the artillery, except that the buttons bore a significant device.

The army regulations of 1821 declare dark blue to be the national color. Chapeaux bras were ordered for all officers except company officers, who were directed to wear the bell-crown leather caps with gilt scales, yellow eagle in front, and the number of the regiment cut in the shield. A black cockade with a yellow button in the centre ornamented the cap. No plumes or pompons were worn with the chapeaux bras, but with the caps the artillery wore yellow pompons; the light artillery, white with red tops; the infantry, white; the light infantry companies, yellow; rifles, green. The artillery trimmings are all yellow, and those of the infantry white. The epaulettes and wings of the officers of the foot troops were silver.

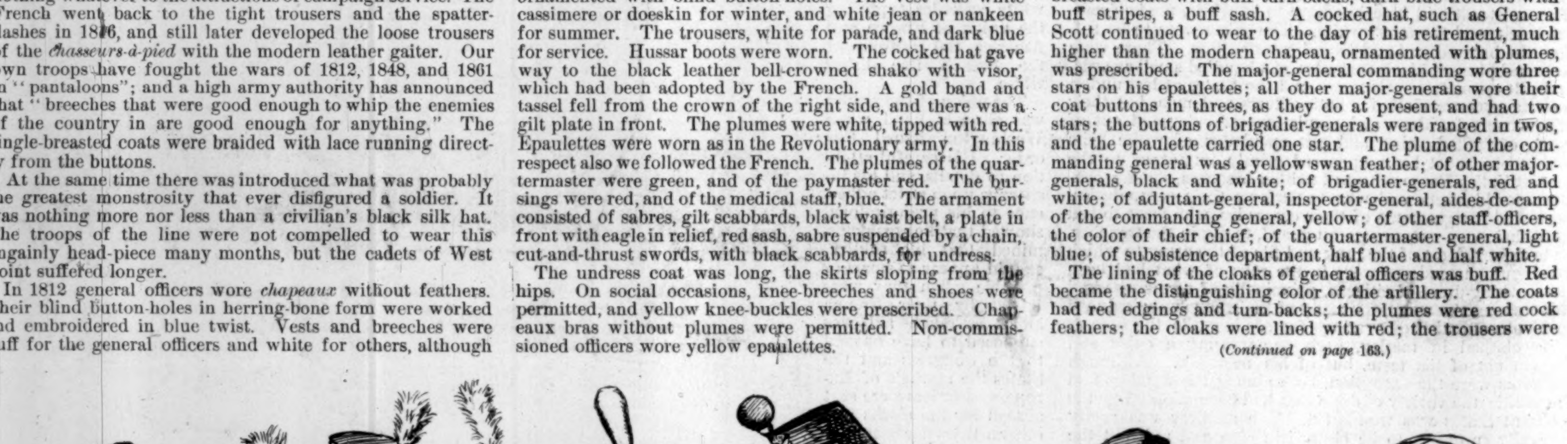
A new rank mark was introduced at this time. Captains wore a chevron above the elbow on each arm; subalterns wore their chevrons below the elbow. Green jackets trimmed with black braid were ordered for the riflemen, and gray jackets with sleeves took the place of vests. Gray pantaloons were worn by the enlisted men of the artillery and infantry for winter service, and green for riflemen. Mounted officers wore high boots, and the enlisted men wore what from that time until recently were called "bootees," which were simply laced shoes a little higher than the old Jefferson shoe, which came two inches above the ankle. In these regulations the devices for buttons now in use in the army were prescribed. Officers were still advised that they might wear "white pantaloons or breeches with white silk stockings and shoes" on "unofficial occasions and in private societies."

In 1825 a cloth shako, or foraging cap, was introduced. It was blue trimmed with white lace. The colors of the pompons were changed in the following respects: light artillery, yellow with red tops; light infantry, white with red tops; grenadiers, red. The chevron was ordered for the non-commissioned officer this year. Sergeants wore one chevron above the elbow, and corporals one below the elbow. Uniforms were prescribed for the pay corps this year. In 1821 chaplains, commissaries, judge-advocates, and paymasters had no uniforms.

In 1835 the army returned to colored facings and trimmings, and some features of its uniform were then adopted that are to be seen to-day. General officers wore double-breasted coats with buff turn-backs, dark blue trousers with buff stripes, a buff sash. A cocked hat, such as General Scott continued to wear to the day of his retirement, much higher than the modern chapeau, ornamented with plumes, was prescribed. The major-general commanding wore three stars on his epaulettes; all other major-generals wore their coat buttons in threes, as they do at present, and had two stars; the buttons of brigadier-generals were ranged in twos, and the epaulette carried one star. The plume of the commanding general was a yellow swan feather; of other major-generals, black and white; of brigadier-generals, red and white; of adjutant-general, inspector-general, aides-de-camp of the commanding general, yellow; of other staff-officers, the color of their chief; of the quartermaster-general, light blue; of subsistence department, half blue and half white.

The lining of the cloaks of general officers was buff. Red became the distinguishing color of the artillery. The coats had red edgings and turn-backs; the plumes were red cock feathers; the cloaks were lined with red; the trousers were

(*Continued on page 163.*)



ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA,

1890 THE PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE MEETING OF THE 1890

National Educational Association of the United States.

THE EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

The National Educational Association of the United States will hold its annual convention for 1890 in St. Paul, Minnesota, July 4th to 11th. This fact is of interest to large numbers in all parts of the world besides those directly interested in the Educational Convention, because it renders it possible for all of that vast army who are seeking new scenes and a genial climate for their summer excursion to visit the great Northwest at a cost phenomenally low, and at the season of the year when this region is most attractive.

This association was first organized at Philadelphia, Pa., under the name of the National Teachers' Association, which was changed at the St. Louis meeting in 1871 to the present title. The association is formed of teachers and college people from all parts of the United States and Canada. Any person connected with educational matters is eligible to membership by the payment of the annual dues. Meetings of this association have been held in nearly all the large cities of the Union. The president for the current year is Hon. James H. Canfield, of Lawrence, Kansas. The objects of the association are, first, the holding of an educational conference at which teachers and college workers may come together and discuss subjects of interest; second, as a place of exhibition of school work; third, as an opportunity for recreation and a suitable summer "outing" for school people.

From present indications the meeting of 1890 will be the most numerously attended and the best worth attending in the history of this association. The exceedingly low railroad, steamship, lake, and river rates in force from all parts of the country, the increasing interest among teachers, students, and college people in this association, and the fact that the rates are open to all, will attract one of the largest assemblies of educational people that has ever met on this continent. Local excursions are being arranged at very low rates to all the leading points of interest in the Northwest, including Lake Minnetonka, White Bear Lake, Waseca Assembly, Lake Superior, the Yellowstone Park, the Canadian National Park, Montana Hot Springs, the Pacific coast, and Alaska. Most of the leading railroads have already agreed to sell tickets during the convention, from all coupon stations, from all points of the United States to St. Paul, at one lowest first-class fare for the round trip, plus $2 membership fee. Arrangements have been made for making the trip, coming by rail and returning *via* the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence River or the Mississippi River, as the case may be, and *vice versa*. Travellers can spend the entire summer in the Northwest, railroad tickets being good until September 30th. Those living on the Pacific coast, or elsewhere in the West, can make cheap excursions eastward from St. Paul, spending the summer in the mountains or on the seashore of New England. For all particulars regarding rates, routes, entertainment, programme, or a copy of the Official Bulletin, address Secretary Local Executive Committee, Hotel Ryan, St. Paul, Minn.

ST. PAUL HIGH SCHOOL.

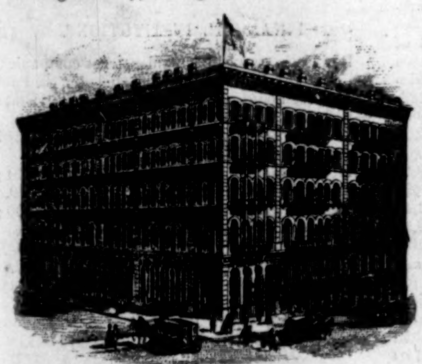
HOTEL RYAN.

THE CITY OF ST. PAUL.

St. Paul, the capital city of Minnesota, and the commercial, financial, industrial, and social metropolis of the new Northwest, is magnificently located at the head of navigation on the Mississippi River, and at the focal point of converging lines of railway, which insure its future growth commensurate with a marvellous past.

The visitor to St. Paul will be astonished, and his view of Uncle Sam's domain greatly enlarged, when he sees the magnificent office blocks ten to thirteen stories high, the immense warehouses of the wholesale firms, many of them covering whole blocks of land, the private palaces "fit for a king." But if he is a thoughtful man, he will be impressed, most of all, by the vast number of unique, cozy, and pretty cottages in which the majority of her people live, for St. Paul is a city of homes. Summit Avenue, called by distinguished travellers the most picturesque street in America—a long, winding avenue following the bluff, and lined on both sides by beautiful mansions in the midst of green lawns—is of itself worth a trip across the Continent to visit.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.



MERCHANT'S HOTEL.

WHAT ST. PAUL CLAIMS.

There are six points connected with the material interests and progress of a city wherein St. Paul claims pre-eminence, as follows:

First. St. Paul has 102.65 miles of first class sewers. This is just four times as many miles of sewers as can be found in any other city of its size in the world, and about four miles more than any city of twice its size in the world of which any record can be found.

Second. Its water supply comes from lakes clean and sweet. No city in the world is supplied with purer and better water.

Third. St. Paul is one of the cleanest cities in the world, the streets, alleys, and by-ways being kept free from dirt and garbage.

Fourth. St Paul is the healthiest city in the world—that is, among cities of any prominence—the death-rate here being but 9, just 7.14 better than the next lowest city.

Fifth. St. Paul has 39.74 miles of paved streets—a little more than twice as many as has any other city of its size in the world, and quite as many as has any other city of twice its size in the United States.

Sixth. St. Paul has thirty miles of beautiful stone sidewalks. This is more miles of stone sidewalk than has any city of 350,000 inhabitants in the world.

ST. PAUL'S POPULATION AND WEALTH.

The growth of the city has been the wonder of the world, and still continues at a rate which bids fair to make it, when united with its twin-sister Minneapolis, as will be the case at no very distant day, the second inland city on the continent. The first white child was born here September 4, 1839. The town was located in 1847. The population at different decimal periods has been as follows: 1850, 840; 1860, 10,600; 1870, 20,300; 1880, 41,498; 1890, 216,000.

The wealth of the city has kept pace with the increase in population, until it now exhibits a valuation of $225,560,000 in real estate, and $98,600,000 in personal property—a grand total of $324,160,000.

The credit of the city is so good that the last sale of city bonds, bearing four per cent. interest, made December 28, 1889, realized a premium of three and one-half per cent. St. Paul's credit is reported as better than that of any other Western city.

ST. PAUL'S COMMERCE.

This city, in proportion to her population, has always been noted for her jobbing trade. It has been the life-blood of her prosperity. The vast area of tributary country is constantly extending and constantly filling up, thus in a double measure operating to increase the demand upon her storehouses of merchandise. A new and direct connection with the Atlantic seaboard, *via* the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Sault Ste. Marie Railway, enables the St. Paul jobbers to bring their goods from the East at exactly the same rates of freight paid by Chicago dealers.

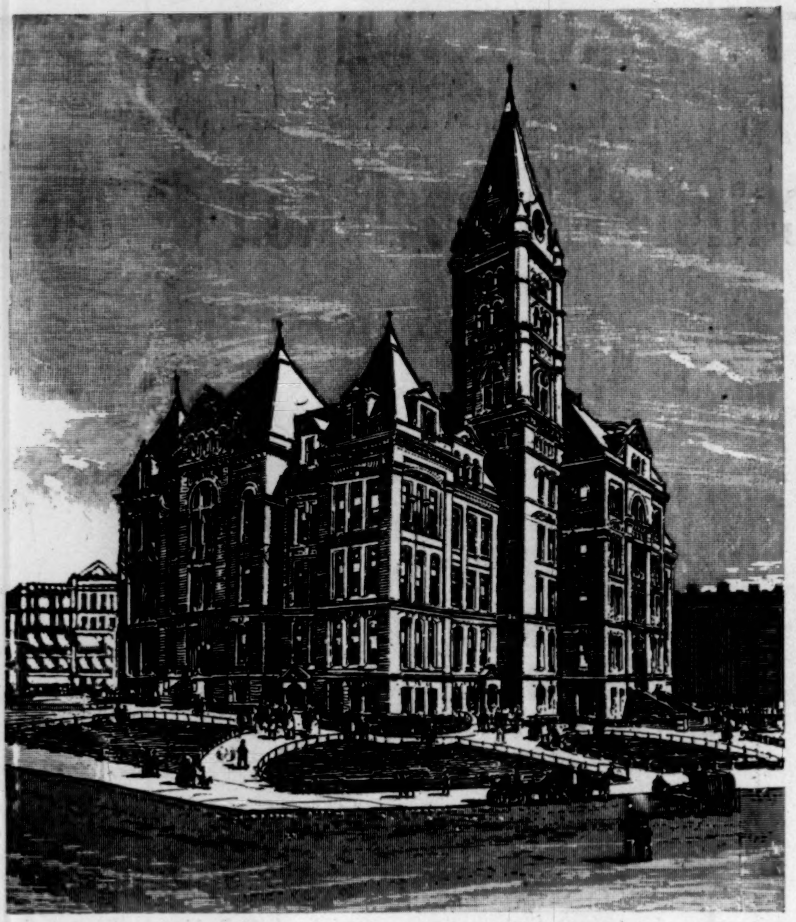
St. Paul jobbers to-day dictate to Chicago and other jobbing centres the prices of all lines in a large portion of Wisconsin, all of Minnesota, a small portion of Northern Iowa, most of South Dakota, all of North Dakota, a portion of Wyoming, and Montana as far west as the Rocky Mountains. In addition to the territory named, her dry-goods houses, boot and shoe houses, drug-houses, and nearly all other important lines, dictate the prices a good way toward Chicago in Wisconsin, a large strip of Iowa, all of northeastern Nebraska, every part of South Dakota, a large part of Wyoming, and on the west side of the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean, including all of Washington, and the most of Oregon.

The total sales of the jobbing houses of St. Paul for the year 1889 were $169,667,200—being an increase over 1888 of nearly $40,000,000. There are 629 firms engaged in the jobbing trade of the city, representing sixty branches or lines of commerce, employing 14,796 persons in the city, and 947 travelling salesmen.

"THE WINDSOR," ST. PAUL, MINN. SUMMERS & MONFORT, Proprietors.

Rates: $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, and $4.00 per day.

CLIFTON HOTEL. ARCHIE MCFAUL, Manager.



CITY HALL AND COURT HOUSE, ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL'S MANUFACTURES.

The same conditions that have made St. Paul pre-eminent in commerce—her vast tributary area and her unrivalled location as a distributing centre—have predestined the city to be a grand hive of manufacturing industry. That her resources and capacities in this regard have not been more completely realized is due to the fact that the energies of her people have been more exclusively devoted to commerce and railroad building, as well as to the further fact that manufactures always follow commerce in the order of development—are, in fact, largely developed by commerce.

Nevertheless, the manufacturing interests of St. Paul are by no means insignificant. The statistics for 1889 show a gross product of more than $100,000,000. There are 1138 establishments, representing nearly a hundred branches of industry, and employing an aggregate of 34,341 persons.

One interesting feature of the development of manufactures has been the building up, within the past two years, of several flourishing manufacturing suburbs. One of these, North St. Paul, which was a farm in 1887, now has 2000 population, eight factories, employing from 15 to 120 men each, and largely devoted to furniture and wood-working. Another, St. Paul Park, devoted to miscellaneous industries, has nine factories, employing 464 men. A third, South St. Paul, largely given over to slaughtering and packing industries, has eleven establishments, employing 1300 persons; while midway between the twin cities we find Hamline, St. Autney Park, Minnesota Transfer, with its 85 miles of side tracks, on which are located many factories.

The field for the expansion of manufacturing industries in St. Paul is practically unlimited. In the area directly tributary to her commerce are annually produced 100,000,000 bushels of wheat, 100,000,000 bushels of corn, 100,000,000 bushels of oats, 5,000,000 bushels of flaxseed, and other grain in proportion; also 25,000,000 pounds of wool, and millions of head of live-stock. In the boundless forests north and east are growing billions of cords of the finest timber. Millions of tons of ores underlie her tributary acres. All these raw materials are waiting here more and more ample means of manufacture. And their annually augmenting army of producers are calling on St. Paul more and more eagerly for the countless articles of use and luxury; the clothing, implements, utensils, books, paper, even toys, which are demanded for their insatiable consumption.

In this connection it is worthy of mention that the American, United States, and Adams express companies come to the J. H. Scharmier Wagon Company of our city for their delivery sleighs used throughout the country.

BANK OF MINNESOTA.

AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY,

the offices and extensive works of which are in St. Paul, are the *Crescent Creameries*. These creameries have an annual manufacturing capacity of over 3,000,000 pounds of butter, and about 2,000,000 pounds of fancy full cream cheese, and they consume daily the milk and cream product from over 100,000 cows. These creameries, with general office located at St. Paul, have a system of creameries connected therewith, which are located in southeastern Minnesota, in what was once celebrated as the greatest wheat-producing section of the world. Diversity in farming has developed the fact that once famous wheat-producing sections eventually become the great grass-producing portions of agricultural districts. The Crescent Creamery butter has especially acquired a world-wide reputation because of its fine flavor, perfect grain, superior texture, and keeping quality. It is manufactured by the *dry granular process*, and as a result of long experience and most careful management this butter has attained an enviable reputation in all the great markets of the world, and especially so throughout the West and Northwest, and all parts of the Pacific coast. This popular brand of Creamery butter is packed in all of the modern styles of packages demanded by consumers of fine dairy products. Marvin & Cammack, the proprietors of these creameries, have superior facilities for handling the jobbing trade direct. Their St. Paul plant is located convenient to the heart of the city, and has the benefit of superior storages and side-track connections. The creamery connected with the general office is most complete in all of its departments; and all who visit this creamery most readily understand why the Crescent Creamery products have become so popular throughout the entire country, as *order and cleanliness* are most carefully observed.

A SAMPLE ESTABLISHMENT.

Singularly enough, St. Paul is the seat of a great publishing enterprise, which, as the New York *Nation* recently remarked, "makes St. Paul, for at least one intellectual purpose, the capital of the United States." This enterprise is the *National Reporter System*, published by the West Publishing Company, unquestionably the largest law publishing house in the world. In its nine weekly *Reporters* it gives the full text of every written decision filed in the United States Supreme, Circuit, and District courts, and the courts of last resort of every state and territory, besides supplying the lawyers of New York State with the decisions of their own local courts in a weekly Supplement to the general "System." These publications, which are also issued in bound volumes, give the first full, prompt, and authentic reports of these various decisions at about one-fifth the cost of the ordinary law reports, consequently they are known and used in almost every county throughout the United States. Some idea of the extent of their circulation may be given by the fact that the company's ledgers show over 26,000 separate accounts with individual lawyers and firms since January 1, 1888. There are said to be 70,000 lawyers in the United States, and over one-third of them have bought law books in St. Paul during the past two years. The company occupies its own large eight-story building, with one and three-quarter acres of floor space, besides the extensive plate vaults, the whole arranged especially for this unique enterprise, and equipped with the most improved machinery for printing and binding. This establishment has been among the first to introduce the recently perfected Thorne type-setting machines, of which it has a number now in successful operation. A large staff of experienced legal editors is employed in preparing the reports—lawyers residing in St. Paul, and giving their whole time to the company's service. The company also publishes a number of digests and other legal works, and is the present owner of the great United States Digest, a work published in Boston for fifty years, and representing an investment of half a million dollars. It was an event of no little significance when, a year ago, the publication of this, the only exhaustive compendium of American law, was transferred from Boston to St. Paul.

NATIONAL GERMAN AMERICAN BANK.

ST. PAUL'S TRANSPORTATION INTERESTS.

There are ten different railroads which enter St. Paul—the Manitoba, Northern Pacific, Omaha, Kansas City, Duluth, Milwaukee, Burlington, "Soo," Wisconsin Central, Minneapolis and St. Louis. Of these the Manitoba, Northern Pacific, Kansas City, Omaha, and Duluth have their head-quarters in St. Paul. While there are apparently but ten roads entering the city, there are really twenty-six distinct lines; for instance, the Omaha road has an east and a west division, which are as distinct from each other as though they were two individual lines of railway. The Milwaukee road has four divisions centring at St. Paul, each of which is fully as distinct from either of the others as though it were a railroad by itself.

Such has been the amalgamation of the railroad systems of the United States and Canada that three hundred and fifty sets of general officers may be addressed as operating and caring for the twelve to thirteen hundred individual lines of railroad in the United States and Canada.

Among the more recent of especial interest to St. Paul is the consolidation of the systems that now form the Great Northern Railway. This railway embraces some 3400 miles of road, and is composed of what has heretofore been known as the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railway, the Montana Central Railway, and the Eastern Minnesota Railway. It owns and operates in Minnesota 1430.58 miles; in North Dakota 1028 miles; in South Dakota 193.40 miles; in Montana 428.82 miles; and in Wisconsin 20.7 miles. Its bonded debt and stock is less than one-half per mile of road than the majority of other transcontinental lines; it has never defaulted upon its interest or passed its quarterly dividend since the date of its present ownership and reorganization in 1879. When the Hon. J. J. Hill, its present president, first assumed control of the property, it embraced 561 miles, since which time the growth of the territory and the development of St. Paul and her sister city have placed it among the best equipped, best managed, and most prosperous railway properties in the country, especially favored by its geographical position. It is noted for the careful and permanent character of its construction. The stone arch bridge, spanning the Father of Waters at the Falls of St. Anthony, connects the twin cities. It has many miles of seventy-five-pound steel rails, while ninety per cent. of American roads are built with fifty-six-pound steel; this will illustrate its progressive character, and especially will this be confirmed when it is known that its president has always been a successful upbuilder of values, and never known to associate or be connected with an enterprise which had in view the destruction of values.

The Great Northern is now making arrangements to complete its line to the Pacific coast, and its present survey will give it a line from St. Paul and Chicago over three hundred miles shorter than any other transcontinental lines, and with lower grades and lighter curves. This will complete St. Paul's fourth Pacific line.

It also owns and operates the Northern Steamship Line on the Great Lakes, which virtually makes it master of the situation, and brings the products of its farm and mineral lands nearer a market than if they were in Southern Illinois or Iowa. And you have only to keep in mind that these cars and boats, on their return trip, can be loaded with merchandise at correspondingly low rates for St. Paul jobbers and manufacturers.

Its general offices and principal shops are located in St. Paul.

The mileage, in round numbers, of these several roads, all centring in St. Paul, and not counting their connecting lines, is as follows: St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, 3400; Northern Pacific, 3800; Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha, 1400; Chicago, St. Paul, and Kansas City, 1700; St. Paul and Duluth, 260; Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, 5500; Burlington and Northern, 1400; St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Sault Ste. Marie, 1200; Wisconsin Central, 900; Minneapolis and St. Louis, 1100—total, 20,460.

Nearly three hundred passenger trains arrive at and depart from the St. Paul union depot every twenty-four hours, carrying 18,000 people.

At the present time there are five recognized railway centres in the United States. The order of their rank, in importance, is recognized everywhere as: Chicago and the central system first; New York and the eastern system second; St. Paul and the northwestern system third; St. Louis and the southwestern system fourth; Cincinnati and the southern system fifth. To comprehend the future development possible, nay, certain, to this northwestern system, we must remember the startling geographical fact that it is farther, in a direct line due northwest from St. Paul to the limit of habitable and inhabited country, than it is in a due southeast line from St. Paul to Savannah, Georgia.

"PIONEER PRESS" BUILDING.

Steam-boat navigation on the Mississippi and its tributaries, as well as on the great lakes, the greatest of which, Superior, is connected by four direct railway lines with St. Paul, must be added to the aggregate of her transportation facilities.

FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

Besides insurance companies, trust companies, building and loan associations, etc., etc., St. Paul has thirteen banks—six National and seven State—with a total capital stock of $6,900,000.

The following are the amounts of consolidated capital:

First National Bank—Capital, $1,000,000; surplus, $500,000; undivided profits, $364,979.

Second National Bank—Capital, $200,000; surplus, $55,000; undivided profits, $251,715.

Merchants National Bank—Capital, $1,000,000; surplus, $500,000; undivided profits, $81,237.

German-American Bank—Capital, $2,000,000; surplus, $145,000; undivided profits, $95,397.

St. Paul National Bank—Capital, $500,000; surplus, $25,000; undivided profits, $42,024.

Commercial National Bank—Capital, $500,000; surplus, $22,000; undivided profits, $17,904.

LINDEKES, WARNER, & SCHURMEIER.

	Capital.	Resources.
Bank of Minnesota	$600,000	$3,091,289
Capital	100,000	435,304
Germania	400,000	1,550,197
People's	200,000	489,258
Scandinavian-American	100,000	295,785
Seven Corners	100,000	217,299
West Side	100,000	242,096
North St. Paul	50,000	46,993

The necessity of a radical change in the method of examining titles has been apparent in St. Paul as well as elsewhere, and is being felt more and more as the city and its interests increase in magnitude and become the field of vast investments of capital from all parts of the world. The advantage of greater security than is afforded by the old system of relying for protection upon an abstract of title, and the opinion of an attorney thereon, is at once apparent when one considers the possibility of errors or omissions in the records, in the abstract books, the indexes, and the abstracts, and the fact that the most reliable attorney may err in his judgment as to the construction which courts may place upon statutes and instruments in the chain of title.

The rapid growth in the commercial and other financial interests of the city also created the necessity for an efficient, reliable, and permanent agent, by means of which matters involving fiduciary relations might be transacted at once with promptness, accuracy, and entire fidelity.

To meet these wants the *St. Paul Title Insurance and Trust Company* was organized, and its success has justified the expectation of its promoters.

With a cash capital of $500,000, and the statutory liability of its stockholders for an equal amount, it offers absolute security to its patrons. Its board of directors embraces many of the leading bankers, capitalists, and prominent business men of the city.

Its operations and investments are strictly regulated by law, and by regular and scrutinizing state examination. It has a guaranty fund of $200,000, set apart and invested under the direction of the Insurance Commissioner of the State for the protection of the holders of its

NOYES BROTHERS & CUTLER'S NEW WHOLESALE DRUG HOUSE.

policies of title insurance, and a further fund of $100,000 in approved securities, deposited with the State Auditor, with whom are also lodged the bonds given by its officers for the faithful discharge of their duties.

The functions of a trust company are well known to our readers from their familiarity with their workings in all parts of the country. It is sufficient to say that this company is authorized to act as executor, administrator, guardian, trustee, assignee, receiver, or agent under the appointment of any court of record in the United States, or of any person or corporation, and as the custodian of all bonds, stocks, and other securities or personal property whatsoever, which any State, county, city, or town officer, or any railroad or other corporation, public or private, or individual, shall be authorized or required, or shall desire to commit to the care and custody of a responsible trustee.

The large and commodious offices and vaults of this company are located in the new *Pioneer Press* Building, a cut of which adorns the second page, and which has just been constructed in a thoroughly fire-proof manner, embodying all the latest improvements in such construction, and affording the utmost safety and convenience for the transaction of its business.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

St. Paul is the seat of several colleges, including Hamline University, McAllister College, St. Thomas's College, the Agricultural College, and others, while the splendidly endowed State University is located just outside her borders, in Minneapolis. Besides these, there are the usual complement of private, select, and parochial schools.

But the crowning glory and special boast of the city is her system of public schools. These embrace forty-five separate buildings, including a superb high-school, with nearly 1000 students. The total value of the school property of the city is $2,225,000, of which nearly $300,000 was added in 1889, to meet the wants of the rapidly growing city. The attendance at the day-schools is now 12,813. The enrollment, by June 1st, will be 16,000. The aggregate paid for teachers' salaries last year was $299,330. Seven new school buildings were erected during the year 1889.

An adjunct to the public-school system is a public library of 16,000 volumes. It is at present housed in the City Hall, but a vigorous movement is on foot to erect a building worthy the object and the city.

A FLORAL SURPRISE.

Among the many places of interest in St. Paul are the conservatories of L. L. May & Co., in fact, few establishments of the kind can compare with them. They cover an area of nearly two acres, and contain one of the choicest collections of tropical and other plants in the country. It is a surprise to see such a display in this latitude. Plants are shipped with perfect safety to every quarter of the country. Their Seed Department shows fully as marked success; and in this line particularly they pay special attention to the cultivation of Northern-grown seeds, which are hardier, more productive, and yield better crops than those grown South or East. A beautiful illustrated Catalogue of Seeds, Plants, etc., is issued every January for free distribution, and the one for 1890 equals anything in the country.

FOOT, SCHULZE, & COMPANY.

ST. PAUL'S NEWSPAPERS.

The press of St. Paul has kept pace with its growth in other particulars, and as clearly dominates the field to the northwest as does her commerce. Six aggressive and enterprising dailies, with an immense aggregate circulation, are printed here, with weeklies by the score. Among the several monthlies published in St. Paul is the well-known *North-west Magazine*, an illustrated paper of large circulation, and attracting general attention.

ST. PAUL REALTY.

To one interested in the growth of American cities, the development of St. Paul will prove a most gratifying study. Its rapid growth is most conclusively shown by official figures, which can be readily verified. As to population, the following census statements, all official except that for the current year, which is believed to be a very conservative estimate, demonstrate the facts: The population of St. Paul in 1850, 840; in 1860, 10,600; in 1870, 20,300; in 1880, 41,498; in 1890, 216,000.

The same influences that have made St. Paul the commercial centre of the Northwest are now at work, with redoubled energy, to make her the manufacturing emporium. The thirty-five thousand operatives now employed in her various manufacturing establishments will undoubtedly be swelled within a very few years to seventy-five thousand, with all the attendant increase of population and wealth which such an industrial growth portends.

The thrift of the West is, of course, due to the confidence of the world in its resources, and so the advancement and prosperity of St. Paul is due to the confidence of capital in its advantages and probabilities. But St. Paul needs no words of eulogy; its greatness has long since been established in the eyes of the world, and it is the purpose of this review to present merely a concise showing of the business and general city interests—something one may read while he runs, and comprehend at a glance.

With no intention of drawing unpleasant comparisons, but for the sole purpose of showing how well St. Paul has looked after the details which tend to make life in the city healthful, convenient, and pleasant, a brief mention may be made of Kansas City, one of the great prides of the West. That city, with all its vast business enterprises and great population, has not one-third as many miles of paved streets, one-quarter as many miles of stone sidewalk, one-fifth as many miles of sewers, as has St. Paul; and it is also minus the pretty little parks which are found every little way throughout the city of St. Paul.

The building records of the past three years are a sure indication of St. Paul's growth and prosperity. During the three years 1887, 1888, and 1889, the enormous sum of forty millions of dollars has been expended in the erection of buildings. According to the official figures of the United States Commissioner of Labor Statistics, St. Paul was the third city in the United States in the matter of building improvements for the year 1888—only two other cities having expended a larger amount during that year. The same relative rank was probably held in 1889, but the official figures for the year are not yet available.

The current market values, or prices of realty, are much lower than in any Western city of similar size, owing to the conservative nature of the business done, which is largely for improvement, and very little for speculation. Considering the assured future of the city, its splendid natural resources, and its magnificent area of tributary country, St. Paul real estate offers a most inviting field for safe and profitable investment.

The many miles of rapid transit lines, electric and cable, now in rapid process of construction, are opening up sections of the city that have heretofore been inaccessible, and guaranteeing to the suburbs a participation in that increase of values which has made so many fortunes in the more thickly settled portions. With the completion of the forty miles of these lines, now under contract, in the early summer of 1890, all parts of St. Paul's wide area will be thoroughly supplied with transportation facilities.

Under this impetus, miles of new residences, and hundreds of new business blocks, will be erected, and with the present low prices of real estate, a mistake can scarcely be made in buying lots in any location within or adjacent to the city limits. Improved business blocks in the city pay from six to ten per cent. net income, besides the constant and rapid advance in value of the property. Dwellings and flats pay from eight to fifteen per cent. The real-estate sales for the year 1889, with a market by no means active and not at all speculative, aggregated $26,000,000.

Taxes are seventeen mills on a valuation of less than forty per cent. of real value—an actual tax of only about six mills on the dollar annually.

P. H. KELLY MERCANTILE COMPANY.

FINCH, VAN SLYCK, & COMPANY.

St. Paul is not a city of booms. It rests on solid foundations, and its people have always been conservative, with all their marvellous enterprise. No one can question the future of such a metropolis. With only one-sixth of the tillable area of Minnesota under cultivation, and even a much less proportion of the vast tributary country to the north and west yielding any products as yet, it is not by any means a hazardous prediction that St. Paul will continue to grow, in the future, as solidly and as rapidly as in the past.

ST. PAUL'S TRIBUTARY COUNTRY.

NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

Northern Minnesota, the newest settled portion of the State, offers to intending settlers unusually favorable conditions for the building of new homes. It possesses great agricultural, manufacturing and commercial resources, which afford good opportunities for success in a variety of popular industries. It is well supplied with churches and schools. Although many of its districts are well settled, there is ample room for a large addition to its present population. It contains large, productive prairies, stretches of alternate small prairies and open woodlands and many natural meadows adapted to diversified farming, farm-stock raising and dairying. Extensive pine forests and broad belts of hard-wood timber cover the greater part of this portion of the State, from which the annual cut of lumber and dimension timber is very large. Settlers find ready employment in the forests at good wages. Most of the woodlands when cleared make valuable farms, and the timber more than pays for the land and all expenses of clearing. By cutting wood for market and cross-ties, and timber for the railroads and saw-mills, farmers can always earn ready money.

Large rivers with important tributaries drain the different sections, and the surface is dotted with innumerable lakes abounding with fish and wild-fowl. Several important railroad lines afford easy access to the large commercial city of St. Paul and her adjoining sister city, with their 400,000 inhabitants. This great trade-centre furnishes commanding markets for grain, live-stock lumber, and dairy products. Many interior towns in northern Minnesota furnish home markets for farm and dairy products and for lumber and wood. The soil of this region is fertile, producing large yields of grains and vegetables. Hard spring wheat, which is the principal crop, is the best wheat in the world, and brings from ten to twenty per cent. higher prices than any other variety.

GRIGGS, COOPER, & COMPANY.

Northern Minnesota offers favorable openings for manufactories. Good water-powers are afforded by the upper Mississippi, the Red River of the North, Red Lake River, St. Louis River, and numerous smaller streams. There are already many manufacturing industries in operation, and new ones are being established. There are still considerable areas of desirable government lands open for occupancy, and the Northern Pacific Railroad has in this part of the State over 1,450,000 acres of agricultural, meadow, and timber lands for sale. The Northern Pacific operates some 720 miles of track in Minnesota. From St. Paul and from Duluth and Superior its main line and branches spread over northern Minnesota, furnishing railroad facilities for extended districts of its agricultural and timbered country. The Northern Pacific has been and still is an important factor in the growth and prosperity of Minnesota. It brings the great Northwest in direct trade relations with St. Paul, and the development of the regions through which the line passes will add materially to the growth of the city. The Northern Pacific issues